

IRISH WIT AND HUMOR—Continued.

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A Mistaken Frenchman.
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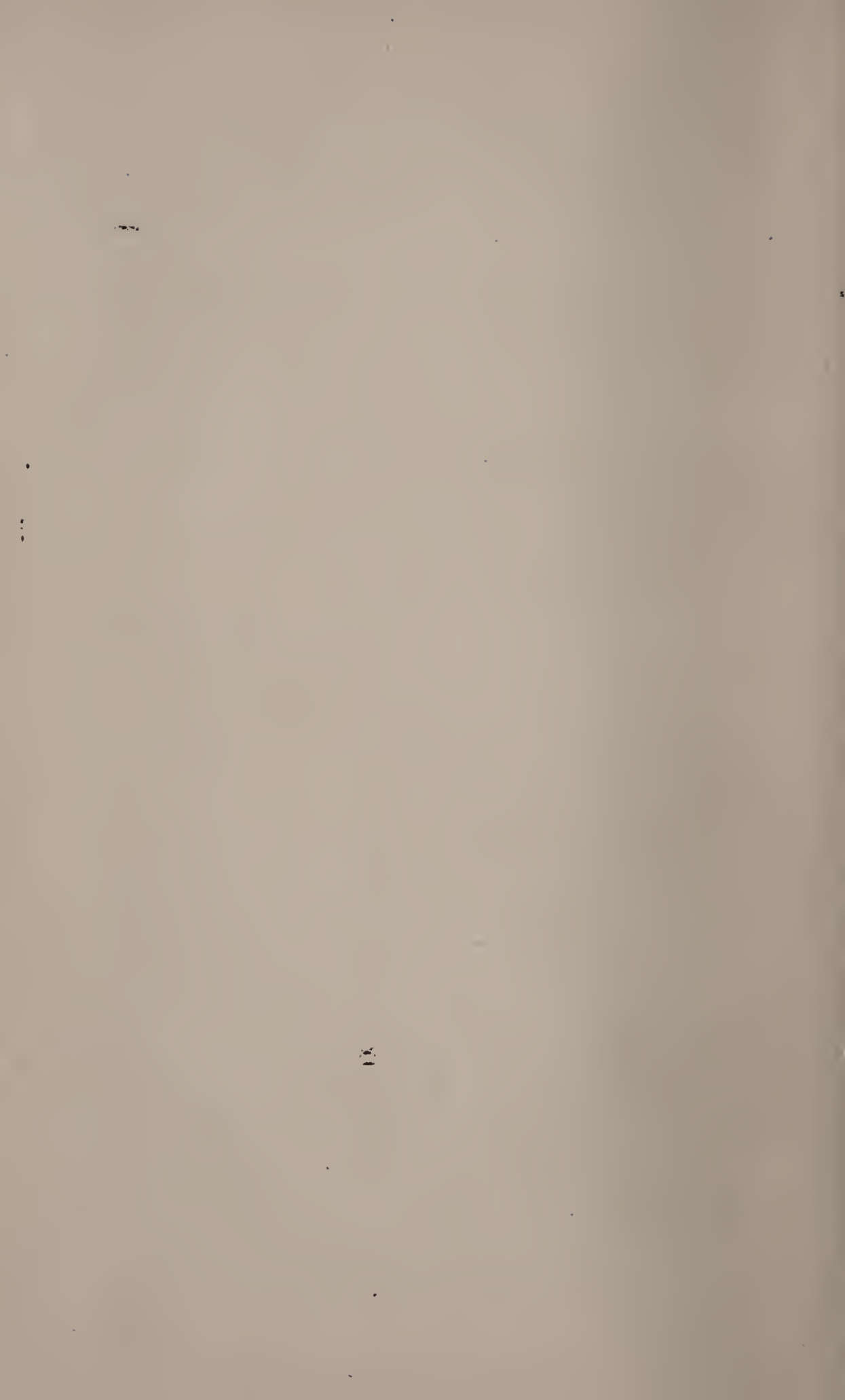
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IRELAND
AMONG THE NATIONS;

OR,

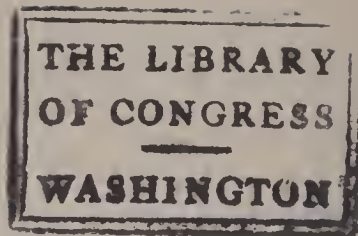
THE FAULTS AND VIRTUES OF THE IRISH COM-
PARED WITH THOSE OF OTHER RACES.

BY THE
REV. J. O'LEARY, D.D.

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TO THE
REV. THOMAS FARRELL,
PASTOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, NEW YORK,
THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED, AS A MARK OF RESPECT
FOR
HIS LONG, FAITHFUL, AND UNBLEMISHED CAREER AS A CATHO-
LIC PRIEST; HIS LOVE OF TRUTH, RIGHT, AND JUS-
TICE, AS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN; HIS BIG HEART
AND BROAD HUMANITY FOR ALL RACES AS A
MAN; AND HIS UNIFORM GOODNESS AND
KINDNESS TO ME AS MY OLD PASTOR,

BY
THE AUTHOR,

J. O'LEARY.

PREFACE.



THE object of this book is to place Ireland in her true light among nations, and to awaken the reasoning powers, and call forth the judgment of the Irish race, rather than to excite its fervor and inflame its enthusiasm. I do not wish to abate the patriotism of the Irish race, or to impair its affection for the church ; but I am of opinion that a patriotism and religion founded on reason, appreciation, and judgment are built on a firmer foundation than sentiment, affection, and enthusiasm can supply. A true estimate of one's self will lead to a correct estimate of others ; and truth will always be a stronghold in war and a safeguard in peace. When the Irish people reflect what a small fragment they are of the human race, and when they understand their true position, and accurately calcu-

late their power and influence, their movements and undertakings will be less subject to failure.

On account of the limits of this book, and the vast range of subject-matter to be travelled over, I have not been able to do much more than state conclusions without inserting reasons or bringing forward authorities. If my judgments are correct, and tend to make the Irish rational towards themselves, just towards others, and successful in the future ; if the chapters of this book stir up the manhood, self-respect, and dignity of Irish readers ; if the children of other races into whose hands it may come pronounce my opinions impartial and truthful ; and if from its perusal a warmer love and deeper reverence be enkindled in the minds of Irish-Americans for the United States and American institutions, IRELAND AMONG THE NATIONS will accomplish its object, and it will not repent me to have written it.

J. O'L.

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IRELAND AMONG THE NATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

ETHNOGRAPHY AND ITS PRINCIPLES.

S there a thinking man who has considered himself and the countless myriads by whom he is surrounded, and has not wondered at his own insignificance? Has any one contemplated the unnumbered generations that have rolled away, as so many waves, into eternity, and not been awfully impressed with the lesson that he is a bubble on the surface of time, and that his life is an unreality? Who has studied the unerring and remorseless power with which each age forces its predecessor over the dark precipice of death, and has not mourned over the perishable nature of his being? From the dawn of creation, man has wrestled with time, death, and decay, and, in the unavailing struggle, has passed off a vanquished victim of their imperishable supremacy. The law of change is written in fiery letters upon the

children of man, and the science of biography reveals nothing lasting, except a deathless spirit and the immortal handwriting of God engraven upon it.

These undying elements assume less perishable forms in families, communities, tribes, nations, and races. A sameness of institutions, a oneness in language, a common origin, an identity of interests, and a similarity of passions, prejudices, and feelings, have welded vast multitudes into one homogeneous whole, sometimes under the name of a nation, sometimes under that of a race. And this mass has been made more solid by the pressure of a common government; yea, it has been sanctified by religion, and rendered seemingly indestructible by the traditions and experience of ages. But the same overwhelming power which consigns the body of man to decomposition, and emancipates the spirit of man from the realms of space, asserts its irremovable dominion, and lifts up its resistless sceptre over laws and languages, nations and races, republics and empires. Nations with all their characteristics and belongings have appeared in youth, and manhood, and old age; have been buried in infancy, in bloom, in longeval decrepitude; have flourished for a period and disappeared, or have vanished after alternating irregular periods of national strength and

feebleness. As the Deluge swept the surface of the earth, and in one place rolled it up into mountains, and in another left dark and dayless valleys and ravines, time has stormed over the human family, now uplifting races into mountains before the eyes of men, and now submerging them from the view of mankind. It is something both sad and grand to walk by the shore of the past, and gaze upon the wrecks of races and nations, where time hath stranded them with the violence of winds and waves. It is pleasing to see how, over the ruins of the past, the ocean of humanity, with renovated energy, keeps tiding on evermore. It is instructive to study how ruin has spread its black wings over some nations under the fairest skies, and how others have come forth from the darkest nights, chastened and invigorated by tribulations and dangers.

And while the races of the human family roll before us from age to age like the restless waters of the seas, and in our own day are spread out to our view as the continents, countries, and islands of geography, it will be our task to investigate their perishable and imperishable elements; to discover the sources of life, activity, and longevity; to find out the antidotes of decay, disintegration, and dissolution; to balance their excellences and shortcomings; and to weigh their

relative claims and merits in impartial scales. The science of ethnography will show us races and nations in themselves, and how they have been ordered under political forms; will enquire into the countries they have inhabited, how they have been physically developed, how they have been clothed, how fed, how housed; will examine how their manners and customs have been established, how their language and religions have been settled, what has been their intellectual, moral, and industrial expansion. And as no race has existed in an absolutely isolated state, it will be our duty to determine how races have been related, how allied, how intermingled; what has been their origin, what their migrations, what their history, what their distinguishing traits. There are two races that shall especially call our attention and exercise our judgment—the one ancient and still young, the other young and already ancient; the first the masters of an island, the second the lords of a continent. I mean the Irish people and the American nation. What is the character of the American nation, and what is its destiny? What are the characteristics of the Irish race, and in what rank does Ireland stand among the nations?

There are three sciences which have a very close affinity—biography, geography, ethnogra-

phy. Biography treats of the individual, geography of his home, ethnography of his nation and race. Thus biography and geography are sub-elements of ethnography. When the physical development, the clothes, food, and dwelling, the language and religion, the manners and customs, the intellectual, moral, and industrial expansion of the individual are common to his nation, his biography is an embryonic ethnography. And any geographical influences on the history of his life, arising from the maritime or inland position of his country, from a prevalence of mountains or of plains, of rivers and lakes, or of deserts and arid tracts, will leave a corresponding impress upon the ethnography of his nation and race. As individuals have distinct and diverse faculties and capabilities, virtues and failings, preferences, passions and peculiarities, so have nations. The individual character is the corner-stone of the national type. Do we wish to study a nation? Let us observe the individual; the generalization and union of predominant traits will give the ideal of the nation. Of course, it will be only an ideal, but we can ascribe to it spirit, life, action, will; intelligence, and thought, and knowledge; feelings, refinement, sympathy, and all the qualities of which a nation's citizen is susceptible. And while a nation or a race, as an agglomerate

of units, is subject to decay and destruction like the human body, the union of spiritual endowments, which are the constituents of its soul, may be indissoluble and immortal, like the principle of life in man. Many nations have perished whose spirit is inherited to-day.

In determining the character of a race, it will be useful to consider the formative causes by which it has been moulded. Whether it has been nurtured on inhospitable shores, and born and bred amid constant labors and innumerable dangers, as that of the American nation, or whether it has lolled in the lap of opulence and indolence, as those of oriental nations, will ever after tinge it with the strong light of energy or the dark shades of effeminacy. The traditions of an heroic ancestry, the stirring records of a proud history, and the splendid inheritance of truth, principle, virtue, intelligence, and independence, have an indisputable efficacy on the spirit of a race. Slavery begets lying; oppression, theft; intolerance, hypocrisy; exclusiveness, retrogression. In fact, there is no effect without a cause; and, as Nature is positive in her gifts and endowments, there is no stain on a national character for which a reason does not exist. There are few men with natural deformities, and there are fewer national characters with inborn incongrui-

ties. A nation has for the most part suffered mutilation, contortion, or paralysis through the work of man.

Sometimes causes which were once operative cease to exist, and the results which followed them on national characters disappear violently, gradually, or imperceptibly. This most frequently happens through wars, migrations, revolutions, and moral abasement. International intercommunication in our day has a marvellous effect upon the several families of the human race. The welding and transforming powers of the conquests of the human intellect over matter, and especially of steam and electricity, are almost incalculable. There is a retroactive movement towards the unity of the human race, which was broken and splintered by the barriers of mountains and waters and by the inhumanity of man as much as by the confusion of languages.

As it is, we must take national characters in the aggregate, and judge justly, standing on a cosmopolitan platform, uninfluenced by prejudice, and undismayed in the assertion of truth and justice. As no man is without faults, and he who has least is best, so no national character is without blurs, blotches, or freckles; and where I shall find fewest, I shall give most praise. I shall respect the feelings of all men for their

government, language, and religion; for their country and history; for their laws, institutions, customs, and civilization; but it will not be in my power to give unqualified praise to any nation or race that has hitherto existed under the sun. Some races excel in some respects; others in other respects. All men are not born giants, poets, astronomers, orators, mathematicians; nor has any nation yet appeared shining with the fulness of perfections. The bravest races have been the justest; the most intellectual, the most merciful; the most laborious, the most bountiful; the most voluptuous, the most cruel, cowardly, and inhumane. Yet in no race, or people, or nation have the rays of the Divinity been so extinguished that religion, and justice, and humanity may not, by contact or impact, communicate to them activity and life.

As the study of families and communities leads to the examination of races and nations, so investigations on national families will conduct to God, their great Father, who is the Lord of populations. Under His eye, nations and races advance and recede; are allied, and intermingled, and isolated; are born, and perish. The great Ruler, who has divided the waters of the earth into oceans, and rivers, and lakes, and assigned them their laws, has laid down boundaries for the races

of men, and appointed them their times of wandering and their abodes of resting. While we are rolled on to eternity in the race to which we belong, like atoms in an ocean, we should lift our eyes to the Father of races, who is a constant sun pouring down his light upon us, and follow what we see highest, purest, most holy, and most heavenly in all races, nations, tribes, systems, languages, and ages. Would that the whole human family were one in truth, justice, and humanity; beautiful in peace, joyful in hope; and would roll with united ocean power into eternity, unto the bosom of its Father, never more to suffer disunion or disintegration! For this the church was founded, and for this Christ died.

CHAPTER II.

ETHNOGRAPHY AND THE EARLY DIVISIONS OF THE HUMAN RACE.



OMEWHERE under the clear skies of Southwestern Asia, on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, God planted a paradise of pleasure. In it He placed the germ of the human family, in the persons of two healthy, happy, and immortal vegetarians called Adam and Eve. There was nothing to glad the eye, or charm the senses, or shed joy on the human heart which His bountiful providence did not lavish on them. They enjoyed the aroma of the sweetest flowers; they banqueted on the choicest fruits; they held converse with God and His ministering angels; and their life was one of love, and peace, and endless bliss, and untold pleasures. But falling from their high estate, they forfeited their immortality, and brought death into the world, with its innumerable train of woes. How the protoparents were degraded; how they were exiled from Eden; how there was fratricide; how their posterity were divided into the children of God and

the children of men ; how the union of the children of light and the children of men begot giants ; how those giants lived, and warred, and were multiplied, has been dimly and obscurely limned in the poetry, traditions, and histories of many nations. The nations of the West look to the East for the original abodes of their ancestors, and the peoples of the far East point westward to the primeval habitations of their forefathers. Outside of the fictions, poetic fancies, and philosophical speculations, which trace a dark and far distant connection with the Adamite period of the human race, the antediluvian division of men is without influence on mankind as at present constituted.

On the high table-lands of Aram, Armenia, or Irania, where the ark of Noe rested, we find the water-sheds of the human race. The lofty mountain ranges from the Caspian Sea to the Arctic Ocean and the Bay of Bengal seem to have divided the races of men as the backbone does the human body. The successive waves of migration followed the rising and the setting sun in opposite directions from Ararat. The current westward was divided into three streams, of which the first, running southwest, was broken by the Red Sea, and spread abroad over Africa and Arabia ; the second passed along the southern shore of the

Black Sea, and occupied the peninsulas on the northern coast of the Mediterranean; and the third was poured out from the highlands between the Black and Caspian Seas over the steppes of Sarmatia. Eastward from Ararat flowed a vast wave of the human family along the southern peninsulas of Asia—that is, Eastern Arabia, Hindostan, and Malaya—while immense multitudes must have passed from the plateau of Iran towards the eastern shores of Asia, as well as by the Sea of Aral along the lowlands east of the Ural Mountains, towards the sources of the great rivers which disembogue into the Arctic Ocean. The continent of America and the multitudinous isles of the Pacific Ocean seem to have been originally peopled by the westerly and easterly onflow of the human family. We find that the physical conformations of the African, Mongolian, and Polynesian have a close affinity, while that of the native American approaches to the Caucasian.

On the whole, the tide of the human family seems to have been along the temperate zone. But there were four points that possessed a peculiar and isolated grandeur: the far West, where the sun reposed; the orient, where his rays first shone; the torrid regions, where his rays were fiercest; and the cold North, where his influence

was almost unknown. Poets of Western nations placed the homes of the blessed in some lands west of Europe; the songs of the Orientals were enlivened with the fairy-lands of a far-away, happy Orient. There is something sad in the history of those tribes who have struggled with the fiery heats of the South, and approached the lands where human life was supposed to become extinct through the scorching and unendurable nature of the temperature; and there is something sombre in those hardy peoples whose energies have battled with the cold, and whose homes have been free in their icy isolation.

The nations which travelled eastward from Irania have been endowed with patient and abiding natures, imbued with a wonderfully tenacious conservatism, and gifted with fine and almost microscopic perceptions. The races whose course was westward were bold, resolute, and energetic. Insatiable in their ambitions and acquisitions, they despised what they had acquired, and ever yearned for more. Towards the East, the memory appears to have been developed at the expense of the intellect, while the intelligence of Western nations has been led by the imagination rather than recollection. Thus it has come to pass that Oriental religions and civilizations have lasted through thousands of years, while Western reli-

gions and civilizations have perished or changed within almost as many hundreds.

Notwithstanding the changes which have taken place since God placed Adam and Eve in Paradise, and the myriad causes that have been working since the posterity of Noe scattered abroad over the earth, from the highlands of Aram away into all lands and climes, there is no intrinsic difference so great, no variations so strange, among all the races of men, as to destroy the unity of the human family. The stricter the investigation, the more evident will be the conclusion that all races originally were one, and should now be one, in humanity towards one another and praise to the Great Father who has given them the whole earth for an inheritance.

CHAPTER III.

ETHNOGRAPHY AND THE VARIATIONS OF RACES IN THE LAPSE OF AGES.



IN the history of mankind, God's people has always held the most important position. Before the coming of Christ, the Jews must be considered the most

prominent people of the world; and, since the delivery of the new Revelation to the world, their grand privileges have been inherited by Christian nations. Outside of the Hebrew and Christian people, there existed nations and empires, with great natural virtues, unbounded sway, and unparallelled wealth and magnificence; yet they seem to have flourished solely for the purpose of facilitating the accomplishment of the destinies of God's chosen people. The great Asiatic empires of antiquity, and the marauding kingdoms conterminous with Palestine, were at times a scourge, at times an annoyance, and at times an instrument of glory in God's dealings with the Jews. The Roman Empire expedited the promulgation of Christianity to the whole world; and the barbarian hordes of the North were the

means of planting the Christian religion in Europe, amidst a new society of nations, on the ruins of what had passed away. Ireland and Byzantium, at opposite ends of the continent, the one secure by its encircling belt of ocean, the other by its fortified and naturally impregnable location, seem to have had especial missions in connection with the Christian church. With the going down of the Roman Empire, in the fifth century, the star of Ireland rose, and continued to shed light to the beginning of the ninth era of the church; but when the light of faith and learning had been relit on the Continent in the days of Charlemagne, the Danes and Northmen well-nigh extinguished it on the Island of Saints and Scholars. After the Byzantine Empire had opposed the spread of Mohammedanism, and delivered over the surviving treasures of ancient civilization to the returning Crusaders, Constantinople went down before the arms of the Mussulman, and the crescent was planted on the church of St. Sophia.

Through the long period of its existence as a nation, spreading over nearly two thousand years—that is, from the going down of Jacob into Egypt to the overthrow of Jerusalem by Titus—Israel occupied a singular and extraordinary relationship to the human family. Being the depositary of God's truth, and the vessel of election, it lived

for mankind, but did not mingle with men, since intercourse was contamination and disaster. The strength of Israel lay in its obedience to the law of Moses, and seemed to grow in proportion to its narrowness and isolation. It is wonderful how nations, empires, races, and religions changed and drifted, like a sea of sand, according as Jehovah loved, hated, or was jealous of Israel, the nation which he had chosen to be his spouse. The House of Jacob was the axis around which all the destinies of ancient heathendom revolved.

On the other hand, the strength of the new Israel, the Christian church, lay in its catholicity. Being spread over the whole world, it might, like the ocean, retire at points, only to make encroachments elsewhere ; but at all times since its birth, it has throbbed through the human race with ocean pulse and with unimpaired universality. The Mosaic dispensation was the corner-stone of Israel in Asia, the land of Shem ; the covenant of Christ was the foundation of the new Israel in Europe, the land of Japheth. As the destinies of Asiatic races circled round the Israel of Moses, so the Israel of Christ seems to have been the touchstone of the destinies of European peoples. The heathenish races, contemporaries of imperial Rome, melted away, leaving the church in youth and vigor ; and a new offspring of races was born

from her intercourse with the barbarian conquerors of the North, whose descendants rule the world in our day. The tendency of the church is to break down the wall of separation between nation and nation, between race and race, and to consolidate the human family, not by brutal force, after the fashion of the old Romans, but by the welding and assimilating influences of love, humanity, and enlightenment. When all tongues, and tribes, and races shall acknowledge a common Saviour and be members of the same church, then mankind shall be a body of which Christ shall be the head; and if any member glory, all the members shall glory with it; and if any member suffer, all the members shall suffer with it, because the charity of Christ quickens, animates, and impels the whole frame. Why should the inhabitants of Teheran or Patagonia put on sack-cloth and ashes, and fall victims to starvation, while the granaries of Chicago and Odessa are groaning with grain? Why should the nations of Asia and Africa walk in the ways of error, ignorance, and misery, while there is the light of religion, civilization, and happiness in Europe and America?

Our age is remarkable for the subjugation of matter to mind, and for the facilities of intercommunication. Manual labor has been superseded by inventions, matter being made to work

on matter, and the power of steam has conquered distance, whether on land or sea. Nation speaks to nation, and, by means of the telegraph and the press, holds converse and discussion on the rights and destinies of men and races. Never since the foundation of the world has truth had such facilities for propagation, and humanity such opportunities to assert its sway. Let us hope the Church of Christ will push its triumphs over the yet unconquered territories of the globe, and that tyrants who have sat like a nightmare on populations will open their eyes to acknowledge the inalienable rights of mankind. Let us hope that the railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph, and the press are the keys to unlock the gates of light for the myriads of heathen Asia and Africa. Let us hope that, in the roll and rumble of races, our own Irish nation will push forward with a noble rivalry of the American people, as the champion of truth, justice, religion, civilization, and humanity.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCYTHIANS AND THE CELTS.



HERE is something dismal and undefined about the history of the people which originally settled in the lands north of the Black and Caspian Seas, and whose ramifications indefinitely penetrated the heart of inner Asia. As the unknown and the exaggerated are closely allied, the imaginations of surrounding peoples have drawn the most monstrous pictures of this wild, brutal, and daring race, descended from Magog, the son of Japheth, to which the name Scythians, a general term for savages, has been applied. Josephus says they delighted in murder, and differed little from wild beasts. Their ferocity, drunkenness, and anger were well known to the Hebrews and the Greeks, and made them a terrible enemy. The prophet Ezechiel gives a horrific description of this people. The Lord puts a bit in its jaws, and brings forth all its army, horses, and horsemen, all clothed with mail, armed with shields, and spears, and swords. The Lord judges it with pestilence, and with blood, and with violent rain, and with vast

hailstones, and rains down fire and brimstone upon the whole army. The Lord calls Israel to set on fire its weapons, its shields, its spears, its bows and arrows, its hand-staves, and its pikes. The Lord assembles the birds of the air and the beasts of the field to banquet on this Scythian victim which he prepares for them, to eat flesh and to drink blood, to grow fat and be full and be drunk with the blood of horses, and mighty horsemen, and men of war. Jeremias in a vision sees the Scythians coming from the north as a lion from his den, and calls them the robber of nations, a cruel people without mercy, armed with arrows and shields, mounted upon horses, warriors whose voices are like the roar of the sea. The Scythians led a nomadic life, and were ruled by savage kings or chiefs, to whom they paid great honors. They have been described as eating human flesh, drinking human blood, and using human skulls as drinking-cups. Dressed in the skins of beasts, having no towns or villages, worshipping the gods of war, lust, and adventure, they were known from the earliest antiquity as a brave, fearless, and independent people.

The Scythians originally settled by the Caspian and Black Seas, spread eastward over the vast, sandy plains of Asia, and westward across the immense steppes of Russia, under the name of

Sarmatians. A few years anterior to the taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchodonosor, about 600 B.C., the Scythians passed through Palestine into Egypt, and are said to have founded the city of Scythopolis. The greatest conquerors of antiquity, such as Cyrus, Darius, and Alexander, attempted to subdue the Scythians, and failed. Their descendants, under different names, overflowed and submerged the Roman Empire in after-ages; and from the lands once peopled by them came forth in still later ages the monster hordes that followed the leadership of Zenghis Khan and Tamerlane. The name of the Scythians disappears from history about the seventh century, but it has been the parent stock of the races which peopled central Europe and Asia.

Though the Scythians have been set down as a savage nation, ignorant of laws except the will of leaders, rude in manners, and without cultivation in its dialects, it has given hardy, healthy, and valorous races to Europe, and, as a parent stock of huge populations, deserves the consideration of mankind. When Asiatic luxury and effeminacy had abased Roman intelligence, and corrupted Roman purity, and undermined Roman integrity, the descendants of the Scythians, in their careers of conquests, imported into Europe young, fresh brains, and built up a renovated so-

ciety. One offshoot of the Scythian family was the Celtic race in Ireland, whether it reached that island by Egypt and Spain—an allusion, perhaps, to the expedition of the Scythians under Psammeticus into Egypt—or whether it travelled over the main-land through Gaul and Britain into Scotia.

There are, we confess, points of resemblance between the Scythians and Celts. They seem to have had the same passion for war, to have used similar weapons, and to have been alike susceptible of the impulses for danger and adventure. It is certain that the Celts were never stained with the savage cruelty, brutal ferocity, and inhuman customs which have been ascribed to the Scythians. Some writers have described the Scythians as a people of great moderation, eminent purity, and unstained character. They are said to have lived on diet prepared with milk, and to have been exceedingly just and religious. It may be that a wave of the Scythian family with those attributes passed westward and became the proto-parent of the Celts in Gaul, Spain, Britain, and Scotia. The sublime pantheism in religion, the patriarchal simplicity in manners, and the high degree of civilization which existed among the Celts could scarcely be set down as characteristics of the descendants of ruthless savages not

far removed from the condition of wild beasts. Yet there is abundant historical authority to show that government, organized society, obedience to law, and great excellence in poetry, music, and learning flourished among the Celts. They had, moreover, schools, towns, splendid residences, temples, regular organization for war, extensive commerce, with many other indubitable indications of a high and far-advanced civilization. In no place did the original stream of the Celtic family remain so long unpolluted as in Scotia—that is, Abania and Erin—and nowhere was there a nearer approach to the sublime doctrines of Christianity than in the lives, laws, and society of the Scotico-Celtic descendants of the Scythians.

CHAPTER V.

THE HEBREWS.



OD'S people! What an inspiring name!

Theirs was the adoption as of children. To them belonged the land which Jehovah loved, for which he worked manifold miracles, and in the possession of which he placed them. Theirs was the sacred city, the habitation which the Lord chose for himself—Jerusalem! To them belonged the prophets, their inspiration, and an inheritance which they left them of the future, not of the past—an inheritance of things that were to be. O Jerusalem! thine was the glory, thine were the kings according to God's heart, and thine were the bones of the saints! O Jerusalem! thou wert the child of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, of David, and Josias, and Jehosaphat! The promises, and the sprinkling of blood, and the covenant, and the mighty works of the God of Israel were for thee! Had it been heard from ages that the children of a nation could lift its eyes to heaven and speak to the God of the living as its temporal king? To whom was it given that the children

of men should act immediately under the light of God's face without the interposition of the dark shadows of human authority? Thine was glory, thine was power, and thine was close converse with the heart of the Lord of the universe. Yes, more—thine was the promise! The mystery which was hidden from generations and empires, which St. Paul was the first to manifest to the powers in the high places of heaven, was thine by inheritance, and thine by fulfilment. God's people! For you Christ wept, and for you St. Paul wished to be an anathema. Had you known the Lord of glory, as a mighty man of your nation, your religion, and your blood declared, you would never have crucified Him. What was poverty to you was riches to us; what was exile to you was adoption to us; what was shame to you was our glory!

From the first, O Israel! thou wert a stiff-necked people, and loath to bear the yoke of the Lord. As the teachers of truth, I believe you. As the children of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and the chosen ones of the living and Almighty Lord, I am proud to be your spiritual child. As the forsaken of Jehovah, I mourn for you. As the persecuted of nations, I wish to defend and befriend you.

Where were thy faults? In sin and rebellion.

Who has not sinned? Who has not rebelled? If Joseph was sold into Egypt, and if Joseph, by subjecting the Egyptians with houses, lands, liberties, and individualities, to Pharaoh taught an Egyptian how to oppress his own people, was it wonderful that a Pharaoh arose who knew not Joseph, but pursued his policy to the detriment of God's people? Merciful is the heart of the Most High; for he sent his servant Moses to set his people free in power, in wisdom, and in marvels, for all generations. Was not Moses faithful in the house of God? He left his people safe by the banks of the Jordan, and passed away in glory from Nebo's lonely mountain. Was Josue, the son of Nun, faithful in the house of God? Was Josue or his people ever punished for conciliation with those that bowed down before the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob? Had the people of Canaan received the people of God, would the Lord have commanded extermination? Did God destroy the penitential Ninivites? But as charity begets charity, so cruelty begets cruelty; and the unconverted, undestroyed, and persecuted remnants of the seven nations originally doomed to annihilation remained evermore a woe unto Israel.

Of all the faults of Juda and Jerusalem, the greatest were pride and thoughtlessness. Elated

by success and weighed down by disaster, they were ready to cry out hosannah to Jehovah or to Beelzebub. Possessing a proud consciousness that they were the children of God, they dared to blaspheme when a people less proud would have put on sackcloth and ashes. And, furthermore, the more outtopping was their haughtiness, the baser and more despicable were their abasement and prostration. They lacked the inward consciousness of manhood, though they could never lose the tenaciousness of disdain. With this ill-sustained conceit of the Hebrew nation was linked a gross and material selfishness. Wherever Moses had allowed them a loop-hole to make money; wherever Moses granted them authority over their own fellow-citizens, the children of God and their own coequals; wherever Moses had allowed them to pursue the policy of Joseph in Egypt towards foreigners, they hesitated not to gratify their cupidity, their ambition, and their inhumanity. Who is proud, and thoughtless, and selfish without being an alien from Almighty God! The splendid government which the kind heart of Jehovah gave his people, whereby every man was his own interpreter of the Mosaic law, and was responsible for his external acts only, and that before a council of the elders of his people—not

in star-chamber, but at the gates before the people—was, alas! discarded by this fickle nation. The holy Samuel went into a quasi-rebellion against Jehovah before he assented to the superimposition of a king. The command of God silenced him, saying: "Samuel, they have rebelled, not against you, but against me. Give them a king." Even afterwards Samuel mourned before the assembled tribes of Jacob over the unutterable calamities which his countrymen had called down on themselves in discarding Jehovah's republican form of government. The woes pronounced by Samuel fell on Israel.

Did not the Hebrews have a plenitude of laws without demanding the enactments of a kingly, that is, a human authority? Removed so far from the Israelites in space, distant from them by such a vast gulf in time, incapable of appreciating their circumstances, and destitute of the materials to lay down the data for a correct conclusion, we find it difficult from a human point of view to pass judgment on the Mosaic legislation. It is surely comprehensive in scope and far-reaching in details. Its underlying idea is divinely constituted authority; and it may be safely asserted that its several enactments have withstood the strictest scrutiny of generations and races. It was wise and holy for its people

and its time ; but we have testimony that it was grossly misinterpreted after the lapse of thousands of years by Christian denominations, and notably by Cromwell in Ireland. We hope no age shall witness it evermore.

But in all the sad and checkered history of God's people, who is there to-day that does not feel for them ? It is a strange fact that, since the days the Hebrews set aside the republic of God against the protest of the prophet Samuel, they never found breathing-time till the Republic of France, and they never found rest till their advent in the Republic of America, which is now embedded amidst the nations of the world as an island in the ocean. Tribulation has been the part of the sons of Abraham according to the flesh ; and shame on the Christians who persecuted the people of their Redeemer !

To-day we see the Hebrews scattered the world over, in all climes, among all races, subjects of every government, and speaking, not the sacred language of Jerusalem, but the tongues of all the tribes under the sun. Who is like to them ? The Irish race, God's chosen people under the new dispensation, the new Israel of the New Testament ! Were the Hebrews an ancient race ? So are the Irish. Were the Hebrews a persecuted race ? So are the Irish. Were the Hebrews

exiled from fatherland for faith? So were the Irish. Did the Hebrews suffer martyrdom by land and sea, in deserts, and mountains, and caves, at the hands of false friends and open enemies? So did the Irish. Have the Hebrews been scattered among the nations of the earth, from the rising to the setting sun, for the cause of old Israel? Yes. And have not the Irish borne testimony to the new Israel over oceans and continents? Have not the Hebrews found rest and liberty and recognition of their manhood on this continent after thousands of years of persecution, injustice, and degradation? So have the Irish. May God's people of both Testaments prove themselves worthy of this great and good republic, and may a happy destiny await them and it in the future!

CHAPTER VI.

ANCIENT ASIA.



THE name of ancient Asia awakens in the mind a feeling of the gigantesque and the fabulously grand. We gaze back through the vista of thousands of years with mingled wonder and incredulity at the huge realms which existed on this empire-continent; and, while we are bewildered at their grandeurs and glories, we recoil from the folly, shame, and degradation which they present. The human family seemed to exist to humor the caprice of some ruler or conqueror who had arrogated to himself the right of the human race. The toils, the lives, the properties, and the consciences of men were his playthings. Whole populations were drawn from their homes to make a wide Calvary at his pleasure, or wearied, and sickened, and died in building immense works to satisfy his vanity. Together with the pomp and magnificence of battles, banquets, and triumphs for kings and conquerors, comes from the long-buried past of Asia the wail of the widow,

the sigh of the captive, the groan of the slave, the mourning of the orphan and the oppressed, the million multitude of human woes sounding like the roar of many waters. It is sad to think how kings and tyrants took away from the world the light of truth, the voice of gladness, and the joys of life ; how men were brutalized, and made at once idolaters and slaves ; how the millions existed to pander to the follies and passions of the few.

What compensation were the splendors of Ninive and Babylon for the miseries on which they were built?—ruined homes, slaughtered myriads, plundered provinces, and degraded humanity ! The government of Assyria was never a centralized authority, such as afterwards existed in Persia, and still more in Rome, but was a union of kings or chiefs who paid homage and tribute to the great king. The Assyrians worshipped thirteen great gods, the chief of whom was Asshur, the deified founder of their nations, and a number of minor divinities. Their religion was a sensual and degrading polytheism. They seem to have made great advances in the arts and civilization, as was shown in the two magnificent cities which they built. It is said that Ninive was a quadrangle, seventeen and three-fourth miles by eleven and a quarter—that

is, sixty miles in circuit—was encompassed by walls one hundred feet high, broad enough on top for three chariots to drive abreast; and was defended by fifteen hundred towers, each two hundred feet high. Babylon was built on both banks of the Euphrates in the form of an immense square. Its circuit, defended by immense walls and towers, was fifty-six miles; so that, covering an area of about two hundred square miles, and being densely peopled, it would be about seven times the size of the city of London. The great palace of Nabuchodonosor was surrounded by a triple *enceinte* of walls, the outermost being seven miles round, the middle four and a half, and the innermost two and a half. These walls were three hundred feet high, and guarded by towers four hundred and twenty feet in height. This palace was connected with another less ample, situate on the opposite side of the Euphrates, by a stone bridge three thousand feet long, and by a tunnel. The hanging gardens, which were elevated to a great height, and were planted with all kinds of trees and plants, were squares sixteen hundred feet in circuit. The Euphrates was lined with brazen gates to close the streets, which were laid out in straight lines, and cut each other at right angles. There were, besides, temples, towers, statues, engravings, paintings, and innumera-

ble other works with the same amazing proportions. No wonder that the king of this city, who was able to set up a statue of gold one hundred and five feet high by ten and a half wide, should exclaim, "Is not this the great Babylon, which I have built to be the seat of the kingdom, by the strength of my power and in the glory of my excellence!" The history of the fall of this mighty city of antiquity is interesting, and is well given by Rawlinson from Herodotus. When Cýrus (B.C. 538) had made all necessary preparations for turning the waters of the Euphrates, so that his soldiers might enter the city by its bed, "he determined to wait for the arrival of a certain festival, during which the whole population were wont to engage in drinking and revelling, and then silently, in the dead of night, to turn the water of the river, and make his attack. All fell out as he hoped and wished. The festival was held with even greater pomp and splendor than usual; for Baltazar, with the natural insolence of youth, to mark his contempt for the besieging army, abandoned himself wholly to the delights of the season, and himself entertained a thousand lords at his palace. Elsewhere, the rest of the population was occupied in feasting and dancing. Drunken riot and mad excitement held possession of the town; the siege was forgotten; ordinary

precautions were neglected. Following the example of their king, the Babylonians gave themselves up to orgies in which religious frenzy and drunken excitement formed a strange and revolting spectacle.

“Meanwhile, outside the city, in silence and darkness, the Persians watched at the two points where the Euphrates entered and left the walls. Anxiously they noted the gradual sinking of the water in the river-bed; still more anxiously they watched to see if those within the walls would observe the suspicious circumstances, and sound an alarm through the town. Should such an alarm be given, all their labors would be lost. But as they watched, no sounds of alarm reached them; only a confused noise of revel and riot, which showed that the unhappy townsmen were quite unconscious of the approach of danger.

“At last shadowy forms began to emerge from the obscurity of the deep river-bed, and on the landing-places, opposite the river gates, scattered clusters of men grew into solid columns. The undefended gateways were seized, a war-shout was raised, the alarm was taken and spread, and swift runners were started off to ‘show the King of Babylon that his city was taken at one end.’ In the darkness and confusion of the night, a terrible massacre ensued. The drunken revellers

could make no resistance. The king, paralyzed with fear at the awful handwriting on the wall, which too late had warned him of his peril, could do nothing even to check the progress of the assailants, who carried all before them everywhere. Bursting into the palace, a band of Persians made their way to the presence of the monarch, and slew him on the scene of his impious revelry. Other bands carried fire and the sword through the town. When morning came, Cyrus found himself undisputed master of the city."

The rise of the Persians to power was a benefit to the human race. They were, at first, a simple, hardy, and brave people ; intelligent, chaste, and truthful ; patriarchal in manners and religion, and far in advance of other Asiatic races. This first stage of the Persian race, known as the Aryan, was afterwards modified by the conquest of the Medes, from whom they received the whole ceremonial of Magianism, together with its fire-worship and divinities. The overthrow of the Babylonians reduced the Persians to almost the level of the lowest Asiatics. They became effeminate, cowardly, and cruel, sensual and mean, lazy, gluttonous, and idolatrous. They were, however, instrumental in transferring power from a baser race than themselves to higher, nobler, and more civilized people. There is a great resemblance

between the Celts of Scotia and the older Persians. The Aryan tribal relations, the simplicity of their religion, the dresses and ornaments, the doctrines, usages, and tenets of the Magi, the military practices, and many habits of private and public life, decidedly establish some link of connection between Scotia and Persia.

Of all these, the Ninivites, Babylonians, and Persians, very little is left to-day. Where the wealth and glories of Assyria and Persia were the wonder of nations, there nothing is left but miles of mounds by the Tigris and Euphrates; and together with the enormous walls, and brazen gates, and hanging gardens, and gorgeous palaces, and gigantic temples of ancient capitals, have been buried the genius, power, civilization, and influence of the Assyrian and Persian races on the human family. They have shown how despotism can degrade mankind, and as a lump of lead sinks into the ocean they have disappeared from among men, and, in the words of the Prophet Sophonias, have left their beautiful cities "a wilderness, and as a place not passable, and as a desert. The flocks have lain down in the midst thereof, the beasts of all nations; the bittern and the urchin have lodged in the threshold thereof; the voice of the singing-bird in the window, the raven in the upper post."

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREEKS.



IT is refreshing to turn from the effete nations of Asia to the land of Japheth, where we find fresh muscle and fresh brain, new energy and new impetus. The Asiatics were indolent, sensual, and slavish ; the Greeks were active, intelligent, and independent. The soft climate of Asia, the enormous multitudes of its inhabitants, and the vast wealth of its countries, together with its despotic forms of government, begot a host of unthinking, unenlightened, and unresisting races ; but the barren crags, and lovely vales, and sea-beaten or sea-kissed islands of Greece, overspread with a network of mountain ranges, produced a thinking, self-reliant, and liberty-loving people. We find nothing of the hugeness so peculiarly Asiatic, but the vast range of intellectual conception, and the unbounded development of the grandeur of intelligence, and the enrapturing flights of chaste imaginativeness, and the unparalleled elevation of the spiritual powers in

man transcend the wildest dreams of the gorgeous Orient.

It is scarcely possible to overestimate the influence of Greece upon the human race. Outside of the high republican form of government which the Mosaic revelation had given to the Jewish race, and which had been basely repudiated by an ungrateful nation, we look in vain for anything like the powers of the Grecian mind to effect human organization. The individual was lost in Asiatic discipline; but the Grecian system made each man a tower of strength in the city, the state, and the army, by substituting independent and intelligent individual action for the unrecognized and undisplayed powers of the Oriental. Manhood, freedom, and energy were the basis of Grecian life. Imbued with such notions, the Greek in his enterprise never halted, whether his thoughts were directed to war or peace, to philosophy or poetry, to science or knowledge, to life or death. And in all these departments of study, mankind has received more from Attica and Lacedæmon, Athens and Sparta, than any other two states and two cities on the surface of the globe. Athens still moulds the brains of the human race, and Sparta still rouses the human spirit and fires the human heart. The democracy of Athens and the oligarchy of Sparta

have each in its own way been productive of good. To the democracy of Athens we are indebted for vast treasures of knowledge ; and to the oligarchy of Sparta valor, patriotism, and religion owe a lasting debt. These states, holding the hegemony of Greece, communicated their influence far and wide among the Grecian peoples.

What has mankind received from Greece? Socrates and Plato founded schools of philosophy in the pagan world, whose methods were communicated to the Christian church, and have been felt to our own times. In poetry, Homer is, and probably will be to the end of time, the prince of epic poetry. Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides are without rivals in tragedy. Euclid's book has been an unsurpassed work in the schools of the world for over two thousand years. In the senates of the world to-day, Cicero's orations would be considered fustian ; but the speeches of Demosthenes would be regarded as eloquent and practical, and hearkened to with approval and success. Socrates and Longinus, as critics, outshine Cicero, Horace, and Quintilian. The world is undecided as to whether the palm belongs to Horace or Pindar in lyric poetry. Livy and Cæsar stand alone in bearing off the prize from Herodotus and Xenophon ; though, in the poetic radiance of Herodotus, there is a com-

compensation for the measured magnificence of Livy ; and, in the artless simplicity of Xenophon, there is an equivalent for the careless accuracy and masterly imagery of Cæsar.

The triumphs of Grecian valor and the successes of Roman bravery had a different scope. The bravery of the Fabii was no less than that of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans ; but the innumerable multitudes opposed to the Spartan leader have immeasurably heightened the glory of Leonidas. The naval struggles of Rome with Carthage belittle the evacuation of Athens and the maritime discomfiture of the Persians ; but the genius of Greece has dazzled the judgment of nations, and shed more glory on the arms of Greece than the valor of her warriors. We find evidence in Machabees of the high esteem in which the natural virtues of the Greeks and Romans were held by the Hebrews.

Greece owed much to its Amphictyonic assemblies. These meetings, which are said to date back as early as fifteen centuries before Christ, were representative in character, and were held near the most celebrated temples. There was one at Argos, near the temple of Juno ; another at Corinth, near the temple of Neptune ; a third at Eolia, near the temple of Apollo ; a fourth at Thermopylæ, near the temple of Ceres ; but

the most powerful and celebrated of all was the Amphictyonic Council of Delphi. It represented twelve peoples of Greece; and, though any of these might send as many delegates as it chose, each people had but two votes. This Amphictyonic assembly, which met twice a year—in spring at Delphi, and in autumn at Thermopylæ—constituted a national government for the twelve confederated states. Its duties were to watch over the general welfare, to settle disputes between state and state, to prevent or carry on wars, and to uphold the national interests of Greece at home and abroad.

The Greeks enjoyed the right of franchise in their own states as well as at the national meetings. The Areopagus, or upper house, and the Agora, or people's meeting, were based on the votes of the people. A more aristocratic form of government obtained at Lacedæmon. In the army, only the leaders were admitted to the council called Boule; but the common soldiers took part in the assembly called Ecclesia, or Agora. Unfortunately, however, liberty, election, and franchise with the Greeks were for Greeks; and in the Grecian states the vast body of the people were disqualified by law. Neither the Jews in Egypt nor the captives of the Babylonian and Persian empires underwent servitude

more oppressive and brutalizing than that of the slaves in Attica and the helots in Lacedæmon. By the cryptic law (cryptia), the Spartan youth were allowed to steal upon slaves, and, by murdering them, render themselves more expert in case of war. Alas! that among the scholars of Greece there could be found minds to tolerate and justify such barbarity, savagery, and inhumanity.

The entrance of the Macedonians into the Amphictyonic League was the forerunner of the downfall of Greece. The states, to preserve their union, needed a stronger central authority than that at Delphi; and Greece proper being overflowed with hordes of slaves, whose rights she ignored, and who, in turn, cared little for her welfare, was ill prepared to cope with the brave, bold, and free warriors of Macedonia. Accordingly, when the crisis came, Greece saw the light of liberty extinguished by the Macedonian conqueror, Philip; because, being unjust to others, and loving liberty only for herself, she was torn asunder by disunion, and paralyzed by the useless, weighty, and unmanageable luggage of slavery.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROMANS.



One denies the importance of the high and momentous questions connected with the Roman name. It is an unquestionable fact that, in the history of the human race, the Romans occupy the most prominent position. To the eyes of the historian, the Roman world is amongst the nations of bygone centuries what, to the eyes of the astronomer, the sun is amongst the heavenly bodies. The generative causes of that outshining social edifice have occupied the most splendid intellects of past ages, and have been examined by the best minds of our own day. To some it seems that the nations of the earth were welded into one body by the superior military mechanism of the Romans, and that the impaired efficiency of this military machinery, together with a certain mysterious fatality, produced the disintegration of the Roman Empire by destroying the cohesive qualities of Roman rule. We know, indeed, that vast empires have been born of the sword; but we have yet to learn that an empire embrac-

ing the nations, religions, and languages of the earth could have been founded on and conserved for centuries by military mechanism. The Romans, like Attila, or Genghis Khan, or Alexander, or Sesostris, might have gone forth, and, either by bravery, or superior tactics, or vast levied armies, have overrun the nations of the earth ; but military mechanism could never have raised and sustained through a long lapse of ages a mighty republic built on vanquished peoples. And yet Rome not only conquered and incorporated vanquished races, but bound them to the centre, Rome ; so much so that they lost nationality, language, and institutions to become Romans. Rome not only Romanized Italy, but Italianized the then known world. In the days of Hadrian and Trajan, the waves of the Mediterranean knew no lord but the Roman ; from the margin of that sea were wafted the wealth and produce of the world towards Rome ; and, far beyond that margin, the genius and power of Rome were transforming nations, building roads and palaces, founding cities, subdividing provinces, spreading the Latin language, and stamping the mind of Latium on the human race. From the Padus to Iapygium, the names of the Italian tribes were merged into the name of Rome. The men of Mesraim bowed before the Roman eagle,

and saw the traditions of two thousand years vanish away before the institutions of Rome. Asiatic cities renounced their pride of birth, and Greece yielded up a rich heritage of literary and military glory. The fiery valor of the Gauls, and the martial memories of Western nations, were surmounted by the unconquerable energy of the Roman mind. To Rome the known nations of the earth became as handmaids, and paid homage through a dozen generations. Whatever had been great in the world, whatever beautiful, whatever renowned, whatever ennobling, was swallowed up in the mighty name of Rome. And when, amid the upheaving of humanity and the undulations of races, Rome sank as a ship in a troubled ocean, her spirit lived to elevate the Italian, the Spaniard, the Frank, the Norman, to be the princes of the families of mankind. Could military mechanism have accomplished such results? Could military mechanism, when it was no more, possess a renovating influence? Does not Sallust assert the superiority of the Gauls to the Romans in war? Besides, it is debatable whether the military systems of the Greeks are not preferable to the war tactics of the Romans. The Thessalian cavalry and the Macedonian phalanx, with its adaptability to evolutions, can stand a strict critical comparison with the Roman equites

and the Roman legion. The variety of movements in the phalanx, despite its inflexible and inseparable character, may well compensate for the individual and displayed energy of the Roman combination. That Polybius judges the mechanism of the Roman superior to that of the Greek may be ascribable to the fact that he preferred attributing the subjugation of his countrymen, not to a superiority of valor, but of military manœuvres. Does any one suppose that the army of Pompey, twice as numerous as that of Cæsar, was worsted through the defect of theoretic military mechanism, rather than through the deficiency of the qualities which make a soldier? If any one will take the trouble of writing, in parallel columns, the organization, sub-organizations, the war habiliments, the aggressive and defensive weapons, the laws of army management in sieges, in march, in battle, and in the tent, as they existed in Greece and Rome, we would leave to his candid judgment the decision on the speculative excellence of Grecian and Roman war systems considered as a whole.

And on the sea, the Romans were tyros when the Greeks had attained considerable perfection. The Romans defeated the Carthaginians, not on a system indigenous to the waters of Latium, but with a fleet formed after the fashion

of an inimical craft wrecked on the Italian shore. In the progressive days of Rome, the nomenclature of the parts and naval acts of a Roman vessel was suggested by or adopted from the pre-existing terminology of Greece. What thence? Do we depreciate the military mechanism of Rome? By no means. But we unhesitatingly object to placing it as the primary cause of the elevation of Rome to the pinnacle of power. Where others place military mechanism, we would substitute Roman character and Roman institutions. In no place did character and institutions more powerfully concur to elevate the individual than in the city of old Rome, on the banks of the Tiber, in the state of Latium. The kings imparted a multifold and vigorous development to the martial, the religious, the æsthetical, the governmental, and the utilitarian tendencies of the people. These fountains of grandeur poured their united streams of glory through the five centuries of the Republic into a magnificent reservoir, to empty which there was demanded the lapse of five hundred years of enfeebling despotism. It would be long to trace the single developments. But we can see, and might explain by facts, that, in as far as Rome incorporated with equalization other powers, so far did she strengthen and aggrandize herself;

whereas incorporations subjected to inequality were co-causes of her destruction. In the Books of the Machabees, we see that the Jews, in their emergency, called in the Romans as the justest amongst the Gentiles. In his preface, Livy says: "But either am I deceived by the love of my contemplated work, or there never has been a republic so great, so holy, so rich in good examples; nor one into which avarice and luxury were introduced at so late a date; nor one in which poverty and parsimony were in such lasting honor; so much so that the less the riches, the less the cupidity. Lately wealth imported avarice, and overflowing opulence begot a desire to ruin and destroy everything through extravagance and luxury." It is always safer to accuse those that are dead than those with whom we live; and surely the historian that did not dread to attack the living would not have failed to arraign the dead had the dead deserved it. The cause of the expulsion of Tarquin, and his banishment, consecrated an individual self-respect which evermore remained an important element in the Roman character. This self-respect is the bulwark of individual freedom, and the most indestructible foundation of a social edifice. From it arose *the right to suffrage, the right to commerce, the right to marriage, the right to honors.* It was

the mine which blew up, first the patricians, and then the nobles. This self-respect imparted fortitude to the soldier, wisdom to the statesman, honor to the merchant. The individual was clothed with the majesty of his country. To uphold that majesty was the first duty of the Roman. Allied with self-respect, unchangeableness of purpose appears as a trait of the Roman character. Athens might have been a Rome had the Athenian spirit the persistency of the Roman. But there was, perhaps, no formative element of the Roman character so prominent as the practical common sense which made them learners in all the departments of life. The Romans admitted the perfectibility of their institutions and practices, so as to adopt from foreigners whatever they deemed an improvement. The Spartan loved his country as intensely and as devotedly as the Roman ; but Sparta, rejecting the eclecticism of Rome, remained cramped and undeveloped in its exclusiveness. These qualities of mind, together with a physical strength such as appears from the saying of Pyrrhus, " Had I the Romans for soldiers, I could conquer the world," led Rome along the highway of glory and power.

But the Roman character was stained with dark and deplorable vices. The incalculable wealth and the boundless power of Rome gave

birth to a sensuality unsurpassed even in ancient Asiatic cities. The proud lords of the world looked down with disdain on conquered provinces and fallen nationalities; and, in the flow of time, the stern virtues of the Roman Republic were superseded by the hollow rottenness and empty glitter of the Roman Empire. The sewers of the world, with all their filth, were emptied into Rome as a common receptacle. Polytheism, with all its debasing influences of lust, ignorance, arrogance, and untold abominations, set up its throne in Rome. Slavery, with its train of woes, inhumanity, injustice, hardheartedness, outrage, oppression, insecurity, and crime, gnawed like a cancer at the vitals of Roman society.

What a mournful spectacle! Despotic power enthroned with dazzling gorgeousness amid theatres, amphitheatres, palaces, baths, and monuments, inheriting the magnificence and glory of all previous time, honored from the rising to the setting sun, and holding in its grasp the wealth and dominion of the world; but underneath, and away to the far-distant provinces by the Euphrates, the Tagus, the Danube, and the Nile, we see nothing but extortion, degradation, misery, human suffering, and slavery! Could such a state of society, destitute of innate vitality, possess a lasting power? Accordingly, we find that the elements

of Roman life, which were founded on Roman virtues, outlived the overthrow of Rome, while its rottenness, and grandeur, and glitter passed away. From Rome we have inherited its culture, its power of organization, its self-respect, its unchangeableness of purpose, its common-sense eclecticism, its institutions, and its language in different dialects, as a common legacy of the human family; but the barbarians, who had been brought up in hardy and valorous simplicity of life, rolled over the Roman Empire, and, like a deluge, swept away all the perishable elements in that astounding fabric. With a mournful and melancholy fatality Rome went down, and left in its fall a memorial vindication of truth, justice, and humanity in the providence of God.

Herein is a lesson for Ireland, who saw her days of pride as well as her days of shame, to hate injustice, inhumanity, human degradation; and, while she keeps her feet unfettered with the chains of vice, sin, and slavery, to press forward in a noble rivalry of virtue, justice, and truth. When we hear the irons of despotism clanking on the limbs of nations in the distance, we know not how soon they may sound at our own door; for the ways of tyrants are unknown, and despotism, like a dark cloud in the distance, may come and break over us at any moment.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TEUTONS AND THE ANGLO-SAXONS.



IN the vast country which extends from the Danube to the German Ocean, and which spreads away indefinitely from the Rhine towards the Carpathian Mountains, the Oder, and the Dnieper, there always lived a brave and noble people. They never bowed to the Roman yoke; but, after surging towards its confines for centuries, at length burst the barriers, and carried desolation and destruction irresistibly on their course. From Germany came the Franks, who revived the Western empire under Charlemagne, and thence came the Anglo-Saxons, who built up the heptarchy in England. The valor and manhood of the German Arminius are known the world over; and there is nothing in the annals of the world to surpass the heroic resistance of the Saxons to Charlemagne. Occupying the grand central commanding position in Europe, they have always held close relations with Italy, France, Constantinople, and the North. Their connections with Italy were al-

ways of a disagreeable nature, and involved both nations in wars, feuds, and endless controversies on the relative claims of civil and ecclesiastical authorities. From France they gained much and suffered much. As the Romans suffered much from the Teutons, so they in turn were harassed continually by nations further to the north and northeast. With Ireland and England their intercourse was of a more amicable character; for, after Scotia, both England and Scotia undertook the joint labor of introducing civilization with the Christian religion into Germany. Their labors were crowned with the highest success; and even to this day their influence has not been lost.

The Saxon branch of the Teutonic race gave birth to a noble people, friends of the Scots both in Albania and Hibernia, and rivals, not in the dark deeds of war and plunder, but in the bright course of learning, sanctity, and beneficence. It is a great mistake to mix up the history of the Saxons with the black crimes of the Normans; for the Saxons were a simple, just, and saintly race; lovers of learning, truth, and peace; especial friends of the inhabitants of southern Ireland. To the Saxon and Scottish races Germany is indebted for the transformation of the Fatherland from barbarism to a state of civilization. Germany received from them the Roman

alphabet, its knowledge of law, its religion, and its culture. Tacitus mentions the Germans as having been always fond of music—a fact which was true at the time of the Saxon and Scottish missionaries. Germany has given the organ to the world, but received the harp from the Scots.

Ever since the conversion of Germany, its influence has been felt on the human race. Little did those Saxon and Irish saints, and scholars, and wanderers dream, as they passed the seas in their wicker boats, and traversed interminable jungles, that the cities they were founding, and the peoples they were educating, would be the parents of mighty empires and nations, and of a new civilization outshining that of Rome, and Athens, and Jerusalem.

Many years the result of their labors was delayed by the feuds of princes, the despotism of rulers, the intrigues of the ambitious, and the degrading influences of feudalism. Many years did generations sigh for repose, and sigh for it in vain. At length with intelligence came light, and with light, union, and with union, strength, and with strength, freedom. Many generations have already garnered the harvest of the seed sown in Germany over a thousand years ago by Saxons, Caledonians, and Hibernians, who were the men of light, and leading in their day. Shall it be so once more? What says Ireland?

CHAPTER X.

THE MOHAMMEDANS AND THE ARABS.



IN the vast peninsula on the southwestern extremity of Asia lies the home of the Mohammedan and the Arab. Since the days when Abraham turned Ismael and Agar into the desert, down to the time of Cyrus and Cambyses, and from Cyrus and Cambyses to the ill-fated expedition of Ælius Gallus under Augustus, and down to the wild, nomadic reign of the Bedouins in our own day, the red, sandy deserts of Arabia have been the free domains of an unconquered race. Mohammedanism alone seems to have left its footprints on Arabia's undulating seas of sand. Mohammedanism, however, was no foreign importation, but an indigenous growth endowed with cohesive powers, by which scattered tribes and lawless sheiks were banded into one nation and one army, under one religion and one government, and grew to be a mighty power in the world. During the end of the sixth century and the beginning of the seventh, there appeared in Arabia a man who worked, within half a century,

a revolution never witnessed in any nation. This was Mohammed, or Mahomet. He stamped his mind upon his nation ; he moulded his countrymen to a new destiny ; his religious views became ingrained in the national character ; his reign and legislation were recognized by clans which had existed unsubdued from the foundations of society ; disunion was superseded by union, distrust by confidence, and discord by harmony ; his death was followed by a theocratic empire, in which Arab and Mohammedan were equivalent terms. And this new-born Arab Mohammedan Empire, established in the centre of the Old World's populations, burst its barriers on all sides, and was enlarged to the north and the south, and the east and the west. The tide of Mohammedan conquest rolled to the west over Egypt, and along the northern shores of Africa to the Pillars of Hercules. Thence it swept over Spain, and from Spain across the Pyrenees into France, where it was stayed by the Franks under Charles Martel, after a century of uninterrupted conquests and triumphs. To the north the armies of Islamism overran Syria, subdued Asia Minor, planted the crescent on the Golden Horn, and were arrested in their career of glory before the walls of Vienna by John Sobieski, of Poland. Southward and eastward the followers of the

mighty Arab established his sway amongst the multitudinous populations that dwelt on either side of the two thousand miles' range of the snow-crowned Hindoo Koosh. Thus, Arab influence extended over three continents, and the great Arab religion contains to-day within its fold one hundred and ten millions of the human race.

The prodigious spread of Mohammedanism was due, in a great measure, to the natural character of the Arab. Cunning by nature, quick in execution, impassioned in the pursuit of power, nomadic in customs, reckless with regard to life, brilliant in intellectual endowments, deeply impressionable in his religious sensibilities, estranged from the ties of home, and wildly imaginative in the pursuit of novelty and glory, the Arab of the desert was splendid material for a fanatic soldier. There was no danger he would not brave, no sacrifices he would not make, no sufferings he would not undergo, no conquest he would not undertake, and for centuries there was no undertaking which he did not accomplish. The Prophet of Mecca was intensely national in character, and gifted with the most brilliant, effective, and captivating endowments of his countrymen. Profoundly devotional and remarkably far-sighted, he made his first appeals to the religious instincts of his countrymen, and presented them with a religion to

suit the sects of Arabia—being partly Christian, partly Jewish, and partly pagan. The absolute unity, isolation, and supremacy of God form the corner-stone of the Mohammedan edifice, which was, at first, simple and sublime in its conception, but became deformed and unsightly afterwards by the doctrine of fatalism, the promise of sensuous enjoyments in a future world, and the dogmas of dependence, resignation, and indifference. Having gained the religious allegiance of the Arab zealot, Mohammed appealed to the doctrine of propagandism by the sword. To fiery fanatics, bred in the perils of the desert and barren mountains of Arabia, inured to hardship, and believing in a remorseless God with whom there was nothing acceptable but salvation or destruction, there was a magic spell and an irresistible charm in the tenets and practices of Mohammedanism. They witnessed victory after victory set upon their banner; they beheld their armies swell, their wealth and domination increase; and they were borne by an uncontrollable impulse to subjugate the world to Allah and his prophet, Mohammed. The morality of Mussulman polygamy was highly suitable to Asiatic indolence, and the rigid discipline of Mohammedan ceremonies and penances was an admirable means of awakening Oriental enthusiasm, and inflaming Oriental passions

previous to battles and wars. Surrounded by effete nations, beset with intestine divisions, harassed by jealous neighbors, devoid of vitality and resisting power, Mohammedanism pressed along the paths of victory with the triple force of religious fury, greed of political domination, and the consciousness of superior merit from dazzling successes. With the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, the Mussulman went forth conquering and to conquer.

But the fatal seeds of decomposition and stagnation were engrafted on Islamism. The utter degradation of the female sex ; the abject slavery to which conquered races were reduced ; the unrestricted submission of every Mussulman to theocratic power ; the haughtiness, ignorance, effeminacy, and indolence of rulers ; the migration to more genial climes and more fertile countries ; and the relaxing influences of lust and luxury, were so many inborn organic diseases in the Mohammedan constitution, and with the roll of ages have changed the valorous, sun-burnt children of Mohammed into the lazy loons of the Turkish Empire. Since the power of Islamism was frittered into foam at Poitiers, Vienna, and Lepanto, the waves of Mussulmanic empire are receding to their centre in the sandy plateaus of Arabia, whence they spread. The day is not far

distant when the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, may be crowned by the Greek cross instead of the Ottoman crescent.

Notwithstanding its many black spots, the religious followers of Mohammedanism have done much good for the human family. The grosser forms of heathen worship were eliminated over a large tract of the earth's surface by its agency. It developed the Arabic language to an incredible perfection, opened schools and universities in conquered countries, has given birth to a magnificent indigenous poetry, and in many respects opened the gates of light to the civilization which we now enjoy. Medicine, mathematics, astronomy, laws, chemistry, botany, geography, architecture, and civilization must trace many of their rudimentary elements to the twenty "holy empires" which the followers of the great Prophet of Mecca founded.

Mohammedanism possessed many of the traits of Judaism, and in many respects the Mohammedans may be set down as step-brothers of the Jews. Is there not a striking analogy between the subjugation of the Promised Land by Josue and the conquests of Mohammedan commanders? Do not the annals of Islamism supply us with numberless counterparts of Joseph subjugating the Egyptians to Pharaoh, of Judith deceiving Holofernes, and of Esther asking leave from Assuerus

that the Jews might slaughter the Gentiles? Is there not among them the same isolation and absence of brotherhood among nations which characterized the Hebrews under the Mosaic dispensation? The Jews and Mohammedans are allied in language, in legislation, in their views of polygamy and concubines, in their hatred of the heathen, in their haughty self-importance, in their manners, practices, and customs. I say, then, that Mohammedanism is nothing more than an enlarged and ferocious Judaism. Happily for the human family, a nobler light, and a higher civilization, and a more blessed philanthropy are shining upon the face of nations; and we may hope for the day when nation shall smile back to nation, and race shall make haste to succor race, and tribe shall send its gratulations to tribe, and men shall work out their destiny amid international peace, international comity, and international civilization, without the drag-chains of slavery, despotism, and human degradation.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NORMAN AND THE DANE.



NOT amid the sandy seas of Arabia, but on the wild and uninviting steppes of Scandinavia, arose the Norman and the Dane. On the one hand, the perils of the desert and the scorching sun of Southern Asia gave birth to a race of warriors in the Arab tribes; on the other, the pale, gleaming icebergs, the sunless ravines, the snow-clad plains, and the ocean-leaguered shores of Sweden, Norway, Jutland, and the islands of the Baltic archipelago, sent, through nearly a thousand years, army after army of unsubdued warriors into the sunnier and more genial climes of Europe. Through the wide plains and dark forests of Sarmatia and Germania, the barbaric hordes of the North rolled as an irresistible avalanche on the Roman Empire. Scandinavian armies settled upon Europe, and gave birth to the mediæval or feudal system.

Westward, along their favorite element, the sea-captains and marauders of Scandinavia directed their line of conquest, from the beginning of the

ninth century to that of the eleventh, towards the shores of holy but unhappy Ireland. Long was thy struggle, and dreadful were thy sacrifices, O Ireland! but the black raven standard of the North, and the proud vikings of Northern coasts, and the boastful sagas of Northern prowess, saw the sun of their glory set before the cross of Ireland, in the hands of Brien Boroihme, on the Good Friday of the year A.D. 1014! The religion of the Northman, which consigned its enemies to destruction, and which reared a visionary happiness in a future world amid eternal icy palaces; the institutions which ignored legal rights, upheld might, and discarded moral obligations; the history which was written in the savage cruelty of bloody deeds and inhuman acts—these treasures of conquering Scandinavia were buried in the ground, and for ever covered up by the right hand of united Ireland on the plain of Clontarf!


But the tide of victory from the North had settled in Neustria, and the descendants of the sea-rovers whose hardihood and daring had evoked the admiration of Charlemagne, sealed the fate of the Saxon race under William the Conqueror, in 1066. Elevated by Christianity, restless by nature, flushed by victory, military by tradition and education, the Normans rolled a remorseless and impetuous power over England, and swept

away the aspirations of Britons, Saxons, and Danes.

About one hundred years afterwards, the unceasing activity of England's Norman conquerors was called into a disunited Ireland by a faithless Irish prince, and the standard of the Dane, under the name of Norman, was planted on the plain of Clontarf, and ruled within the Pale. It required, after the lapse of over four hundred years, the introduction of religious prejudice, the breaking up of the grand and ancient Celtic race, and the collision of the Celts of Erin with the Celts of Caledonia, to set aside the barriers between the flow of Norman conquest and the hitherto unconquered Irish race. Are they conquered to-day? Hereafter I shall answer this question; but I here remark that the Saxons suffered from Norman invasion just as the Celts; that the Normans were the victors in the case of Britons, Saxons, Danes, Caledonians, and Irish; that the separation of Scotland from Ireland was the ruin of the Celtic race; and that there is no greater bane than religious acrimony among the Irish of our day. Ireland conquered the Dane; the Dane returned under the name of Norman, and has subjected Ireland!

CHAPTER XII.

MEDIÆVAL ITALIAN REPUBLICS.

NDER the fair skies of beautiful Italy, the goddess of Christian liberty and republican democracy was seen. The Jewish nation had had a theocratic republican form of government, but it was limited to their nation, and weighted down with Mosaic observances. The black pall of slavery, with its concomitant train of evils, rested like a deadly nightmare on the ancient republics of Carthage, Sparta, Athens, and Rome. In the full blaze of Grecian culture and intelligence, Aristotle wrote in his *Politics*: "It is evident that some are naturally freemen, and others naturally slaves; and, in the case of the latter, slavery is as useful as it is just." But on Italian soil, after Christianity had conquered the paganism of Rome and the barbarism of the North, republics of liberty, fraternity, and equality were cradled under the fostering influences of the church. On the banks of the Arno, in beautiful Florence; in Genoa, the crescent sea-city on the mountains; in Venice,

the queen of the sea ; in Rome, the Tiber city on the seven hills, and along the rocky range of the Apennines to the towns and mountains of Trinacria, the doctrines of human freedom had their growth, in some places under one governmental form ; in others, under another.

Though the oligarchies and democracies of mediæval Italian cities were stained with many crimes and crippled with many drawbacks, they have conferred many signal advantages on Europe and the human race. To them may be traced the rise or revival of commerce, industry, manufactures, architecture, sculpture, poetry, painting, music, geography, self-government, and the extension of human knowledge. The Papacy, though a kingly theocracy in form, has always been a patriarchal democracy in reality. Since the days of Athens and Alexandria, no two cities have done so much for the advancement of human knowledge among mankind as Rome and Florence in the middle ages. They contain more masterpieces in every department of art than any other cities ; and while Rome has always been a centre of light and learning, Florence can boast of being the birthplace of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Guicciardini, Lorenzo de' Medici, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, Andrea del Sarto, and Amerigo Ves-

pucci. Rome has been the double glory of Italy in civil and religious life.

And when we consider the incalculable blessings which the Italian republics of the middle ages have conferred upon mankind, it is not necessary to mourn over their shortcomings, their sorrows, their changes, and their impermanency; the rather as they were the aurora of a brighter light, and the forerunner of republics, which in our day we see established on a higher scale, among mightier peoples, in broader lands, and under happier auspices.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BYZANTINE GREEKS.



THE city of Byzantium, Constantinople, or Stamboul, which was founded by Byzas 656 B.C., rebuilt by Constantine A.D. 326, taken by the Crusaders in 1204, retaken by the Greeks 1261, and fell under Mussulman sway on the 29th of May, 1453, occupies a most prominent position among the nations of the world. It is the central city of the Old World, being advantageously situated towards Europe, Asia, and Africa. The Russians have a traditional belief that whatever Christian power will reign in Constantinople shall rule the world. The triangular peninsula on which it stands, about eight miles in circumference, bounded by the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn, and having its southeastern angle pointing to Asia, was chosen by Constantine on account of its isolation and security. Constantinople preserved the remnants of ancient civilization during all the dark days of the barbarian invasions from the North and the Mohammedan aggressions from the South; and having sent,

through the returning Crusaders, its invaluable treasures to the West, slowly swooned away to its death.


The subjects of the vast Byzantine Empire were stamped with the Asiatic seal of effeminacy, the African mark of affluent luxury, and the Grecian brand of subtlety, fervor, intelligence, and refinement. The fire of Northern valor might at times be made to glow among the elements of Byzantine character; but it burned only spasmodically and at long distances. The Byzantine Greeks served as a chain between the civilization of the Old Roman world—that is, the civilization of Egypt, Greece, and Rome—and the civilization of our time. Constantinople served as, and naturally has been, the guardian city of the Holy Land; and to Constantinople we are indebted for a long line of ecclesiastical literature at a time when Rome and Western Europe were oppressed by the turbulence of the barbarians. The light of Christianity and civilization burned at the same time on the altar of ocean-guarded Ireland and on the triangular peninsular promontory of the Golden Horn. And when Ireland and Constantinople had run their course and fulfilled their mission on behalf of the human race, the Danes attempted to put out the lamp of faith in Ireland from 798 to 1014, and the Mohammedans extin-

guished it at Constantinople in the year 1453. The downfall of Cæsar's city in the East, the New Rome, was effected by the vices, effeminacy, and duplicity of the Byzantine Greeks. New Rome broke faith with Old Rome in 1439, at the Council of Florence. New Rome was no more in 1453; but Old Rome still rules the world. A mixture of subtlety with intelligence, of pride with inefficiency, of vanity, pomp, and assertion with weakness, hollowness, and duplicity, formed peculiar traits in the character of the Byzantine Greeks.

Yet, with all their follies, we have a reverence for the Greeks; we can hallow their memorials, and we desiderate their resurrection. We hope they may soon recover their long-lost possessions; we shall joy to see St. Sophia guarded by a sacred band, their churches recovered, and the "sick man" sent away in peace. Let the colossal Cossack Empire come and drive out the million of miserable Turks who tyrannize over nine millions of Greeks in Europe. What is a Byzantine Greek? Every member of the Greek Church, which to-day numbers eighty millions of souls. Ho! for the Cossack to Constantinople!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ENGLISHMAN OF TO-DAY AT HOME.

F vast wealth, if almost boundless dominion, both by land and sea, if the obedience of many nations and scores of millions of men, should make a people proud, then the English ought to be a proud race. If brave men, crafty and intellectual statesmen, men of eminence in science, and society, and life, men of light and leading in politics, commerce, and war, should cause a people to be vain, vain, then, should be the English nation. If a splendid country, bedecked with domains, and clothed with splendid vegetation and verdure, and overspread with factories, and mines, and educational institutions, and intersected with a network of railroads, and surrounded with an ocean ploughed with ships of war and commerce, should make a country haughty and insolent, England is that country. And the English are, at once, a proud, vain, haughty, and insolent people. There is, further, a pampered set of people, called the aristocracy, whose pride is lifted up to the skies, and whose vanity swelleth infinitely into space,

and whose haughtiness looketh down on the tall cedars of Libanus, and whose insolence is as a wall of brass. They devour the substance of the people, and dream that they are of a purer blood and a higher caste than the mass of human kind. They are gorged with the carrion of iniquity, and fancy that they belong to a high and holy family. Drunk with the blood of nations and the sweat of the English masses, they have remained an eyesore among nations, and a remnant of the filth which the revolutions of ages have not yet wiped away.

But the vast mass of the English nation is a mighty multitude of toil, self-reliance, patience, and endurance. The prevailing element in an Englishman's character is a selfishness that seeks the things appertaining to one's self. And united with this is a self-respect and self-reliance which are the father and mother of self-importance, if not haughtiness. But the English people at home are candid, frank to bluntness, unforgetful of their words, promises, and contracts, truthful when self-interest does not interfere, and bountiful when self-safety is secured. The brains of the average Englishman are solid and sensible rather than brilliant and intellectual; his will is firm and defiant, but, when broken, knows no resurrection; his imagination is of a combinative

and imitative rather than a creative nature ; his sensitive faculties are dull and torpid except to the touch of self ; his memory is deep, dark, and retentive ; and his moral qualities are just, judging, and unelastic. In frame, the Englishman is a medium between the German and Caledonian, with blue eyes, fair hair, rounded, straight-cut features, and a disposition to sanguineness and flatulency. In social qualities, he is a medium between the Scotchman and the American ; and in one thing he beats the Irishman—that is, his power of drinking and keeping the peace.

— It is not strange that a nation of the foregoing types of men should have risen to power and kept it ; should have amassed wealth and retained it ; should have built up a great country and proudly lived in it ; should have acquired a mighty empire and consolidated it. Once the iron grasp of England was felt on a people, strong should be the pressure to unloose it ; for English greed knew not how to forego its gains, and England's army was the harbinger and servant of England's merchants. Yet with all their toil, their selfishness, their pomp, and their hardly earned gains, the English character has a bright and beautiful side. Since the day an Irish convention of laity and clergy set their Saxon slaves at liberty, I do not know of a grander spectacle

than the payment of twenty million pounds (one hundred million dollars) by the toiling masses of England to set the slaves of the West Indian Isles at liberty. The darkest side of English character is on the part of the aristocracy and rulers; the fairest and best, on the part of the yeomanry and laboring classes. The Saxons and Celts were once friends and fellow-missionaries, and it may be that republican principles may heal the wounds of ages, and put an end to asperities which had been fomented for political and religious purposes. This is the greatest danger to the political and clerical aristocracy of England.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.



WHAT deep, dark stains have been branded into the English name for the acts of England's rulers in foreign lands! How often, too, have these dark and inhuman deeds remained an unheard-of mystery to the English nation! Would not English matrons have stayed the hands of a brutal, and ferocious, and fanatical soldiery, had they known the barbarous and unheard-of crimes their brothers, and sons, and husbands were perpetrating in a foreign land? 'Tis hard to answer no. Yet such is the lust of power, and the greed for gold, and the darkness of prejudice, that they have changed nations as well as individuals into fiery fanatics, and raging fiends, and remorseless demoniacs. The British Empire is a huge edifice of iniquity built of human bones and cemented with human blood upon the ruins of trampled nations. Every vale, and hill, and stream, and hamlet in Ireland has some tale to tell of English outrage and perfidy. A land of saints and sages was made again and again a land of desolation

and an astonishment and by-word among nations. The Declaration of Independence and the two Anglo-American wars have stated the story of America's woes to the whole world; and their success has been the rudest shock ever given to English national life. The acquisition of India, the deeds of Warren Hastings, the Sepoy war, and the whole system of government taxation and oppression have been a crying shame before the eyes of the human family. Russia stands at Khiva, gazing into India through nature's gates in the refts of the mighty Hindoo Koosh. The extermination of the native races in Africa and Oceanica, the transportation of African and Irish slaves to America, the raising of race against race and nation against nation in Europe, the interminable fomenting of internal strife in Europe and America, are written in letters of light before nations, and cry to heaven for vengeance against the only relic of feudal barbarity now existing in Western Europe. The English aristocracy deserves the stern justice of the old Hebraic law. Cut it down, and throw its trunk into the open air. Cry aloud and call together the birds of the air and the dogs of the forest, that the dogs may be filled with the carrion of kings, and ravens may peck the eyes of dukes, and earls, and lords,

and worms have homes in their bones. Spare the English people, O Lord ! for, had they known better, they would not have tortured the races and nations of the earth.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FRENCHMAN AT HOME.



SINCE the days when the philosophers of ancient Greece and the rulers of ancient Rome endeavored to absorb the individual in the state, there has not been a nation so completely successful in swamping the individual as the "Grand Nation" of France. Whatever he enters into—and everything he enters into he does so with an intense energy—must first of all be for France. If it is war, it must redound to the glory or aggrandizement of France; if it is religion, it must be the national religion, or what he conceives to be the national religion. Thus all France is incorporated like the limbs of a human body, so that, if one member rejoices, all the members rejoice with it; and if one member suffer, all the members suffer. The provinces, cities, and towns have their graded and understood relative importance in the national economy. This produces such a feeling in the French mind that all France looks upon the loss of a French province as an amputation of the French body, for which there must be

either restitution or substitution. It is no wonder that the enthusiastic Frenchman looks on France as beautiful—the land of his love, his fatherland, his church, his household, and home. And in that France of his affections, what a charming being the Frenchman is—cheery, buoyant, hospitable, loquacious, irrepressible! There is content, comfort, happiness, and independence in society of all grades and everywhere. The street-sweeper does not sweep the streets of a city, but so many yards or feet of his fatherland. Not less remarkable than the homogeneity of France is its steady and stern adherence to principle. France is the only nation I know of to take up arms for a speculative theory. It would almost declare war to prove the truth of a mathematical problem, could it but discern a principle involved. And yet this intelligent, mathematical, excitable, and impressionable people has been the friend of oppressed nationalities the world over. They stood bravely by Washington, and have left the names of Lafayette and Rochambeau as household words to Americans. Many a time they fought and bled on Irish soil for luckless Ireland. There has never been an oppressed nationality that did not have the sons of France fighting in its ranks. Thus, through all its glories and disasters—and their name is legion—France

has followed the road of principle. In its triumphs it was generous, in its disasters it manifested a superhuman elasticity. Napoleon the Great could have wiped out Prussia from the map of Europe. Did not the Jews suffer persecution for eighteen hundred years, until the magic wand of France touched them, and they heard a voice of the mighty man crying, "Awake as French citizens, and be free for evermore"?

But what does the world owe to France? France is the teacher of civilization. In social life, the scientific world, political creeds, and even religious revolutions, she leads the nations blindfolded. A few years ago, the monarch of France surrendered his sword to an invader, and met an angry but disorganized nation. Resistance was ineffectual. To-day France maintains a triumphant republic that is a menace to every throne in Europe. As it has been in the past, so may it be in the future. France! *la belle France!* go ahead, and reign!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FRENCHMAN ABROAD.



HERE are three things that individualize the Frenchman outside of France—wherever he is, he associates with fellow-Frenchmen, and endeavors to build up a new France; he conciliates the respect of foreigners among whom he lives; and he never forgets the land of his birth. Frenchmen followed the basins of the two great streams on the North American continent, and seemed to have held it within their hold; but their power and customs went down before the colonies from Great Britain and Ireland. Canada still remains as a new France. In Asia and in Africa, they have been likewise superseded by the power of Great Britain and Ireland. The French seem to have had more success in introducing themselves to the aborigines; but the overwhelming preponderance of England on the ocean has left France almost without colonies. Wherever the French settle, they are welcome visitors, as refinement, civilization, intelligence, and the amenities of life are sure to follow in their train. They are polite,

patriotic, and retain the language, customs, memories, and social proprieties of their fatherland with an affectionate recollection and observance till the day of their death. Then homeward their eyes turn, and their last sigh is "*la belle France*," or a prayer in the language of "*la Grande Nation*."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GERMAN.



WHATEVER had been said of the Germans before Sadowa and Sedan, it is certain that the triumphs of the German race over the Austrian and French

Empires have had a wonderful influence on the German people throughout the whole world. It is true that they inherited liberty, valor, and independence from the days of the ancient Germans ; but the energy and effectiveness of the Germans had been enfeebled by the feudalism, Cæsarism, and politico-ecclesiastical conflicts of the middle ages, and its solidarity had been so annihilated by the victories of the great Napoleon that it required the discomfiture and downfall of the Third Napoleon to awaken a long-dormant Germany. German poets, patriots, and statesmen have been sighing for the unity of Germany, and it has been reserved for our age to witness its fulfilment. I have no sympathy with the revived German Empire, for it is a gigantic tyranny, a colossal and unmitigated feudalism without a restrictive Papal power ; and while, as an American citizen, I cannot

chant pæans over a colossal fraud and an intolerant, remorseless monster of power in the very heart of Europe, yet I do rejoice to see the power of the countless petty princes broken, and the German people standing in the morning of a new day of national life. Men should have something else to do besides spending their lives in armies to crush out the liberties and conscience of a noble race. It would be well for Germany to look across the Rhine, and see the light which shines from beyond the range of the Vosges. Could she not live without the pageant of emperor, kings, princes, and a multitudinous standing army, to make a mockery of the lives, liberties, and properties of her own children? Has the Republic of France made no appeal to the hard manhood and practical common sense of the great German race? It is better for the children of Schiller and Goethe, of Leibnitz and Kant, and Mendelssohn, to cultivate philology and philosophy, science, and music, and poetry, in peace, than to devote their attention to the Krupp guns of Kaiser Wilhelm. The Germans are a brave, quiet, and persevering people, and make up by patient dint for their slowness and stolidity. A unity of language has bound them into a kind of nation within a nation in this country, so that of all the races they are among the slowest to be natural-

ized. They are remarkable for their industry, and the unity and allegiance with which they cling to each other. It is almost incredible what an enormous amount of lager-beer saloons they support in this country, and it is astounding what an extraordinary amount of beer is consumed. They talk a great deal, but seldom fight. Though the Irish have filled the towns and country-houses of New England, it is strange that the Yankees have never given the Germans scarcely standing-room. Their course appears to be westward, where they can find cheap lands, and thus satisfy an amazing cupidity for the ownership of real estate. One finds the pioneer of the far West an American or an Irishman, among bears and Indians; while safely in the distance a German saloon-keeper awaits the return of the adventurers to deal out drinks, collect the money, and attend to real estate. It surpasses belief how cheaply they can live, and it is incomprehensible how tenaciously they can hold on to money. The Americans and Irish trade with all nationalities alike; but the Germans, with a wonderful patience, make out some way of trading only with each other. The Americans and Irish make more money and spend more money than the Germans; but it is unimaginable how much money the Germans receive from the

Americans and Irish, and never return anything in any appreciable way. The German family leads a very domesticated life ; and, outside of German Catholics, scarcely any one of them thinks of going to church on Sundays. It has been said by some people that the majority of the Germanico-American element of our population would like to do away with the Sabbath, that they could pursue trade and commerce for three hundred and sixty-five days uninterruptedly. I do not believe it, because it is very surprising what a great multitude of Germans gather together at their lager-beer gardens on Sunday, and put on their spectacles to look at plays and music-players. Some, too, assert that German is to be the language of the courts and of the schools ; but I have no belief in the matter, since it is the opinion of some that the first American generation will not continue to speak German, even when whipped by the parents, as experience has proved. In voting, the Germans go in a solid mass, and sometimes, as in Chicago, New York, and other cities, obtain control of the city offices on account of divisions in the voting of Americans and Irish. The Germans seem to like this country to make money in, but they prefer Germany ; for they endeavor to build up a new Germany in this land. They must multiply very

quickly, since they have large families and very few of them die, the husband performing nearly all the duties of the wife. To conclude, the American Germans are going to be a patient, powerful, progressive, and independent people in this country, because they live at European prices, and earn American wages.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ITALIAN.



WHICH are the Italian's traits of character? Versatility and profundity of thought, quickness in conception, enthusiasm and vehemence in execution, and resignation in disappointment. From the irascible and exaggerative temper of the Italian nature, it oftentimes falls into defects which colder and more phlegmatic races foresee and avoid. The Italian may be wild and imaginative, calm and contemplative, cool and plotting, meek and saintly, fiery and vengeful, cowardly or daring, awed into silence and submission, or roused into desperation. Like a firecracker, he may be ignited and exploded, or, by drenching, rendered inexplosive. He is of all races an animated, loquacious, impassioned, impressionable, and gesticulating being. What is his history? Italian history reminds me of Italian skies. At one time, the air is dark with thunder-storms and surcharged with lightning; the clouds break, and the deluge comes. At another time, Italian national life is like the calm, cloudless, sublime canopy of the

Italian heavens. Then, again, Italian history at times brings to my mind the illumined horizon of an Italian sunset. Italian history presents as many hues as there are expressions on the Italian countenance. The national life of Italy has been one of glory and shame, of light and darkness, of sorrow and joy, of triumph and likewise of degradation. What has the Italian done in the religious, social, and political world? In the religious world, the chair of Peter always made Italy a shining sun; in the social world, Italy has always stood high; and in the political world, Italy has presented a shifting chaos. What is the rank of Italy in science, history, philosophy, poetry, architecture, industry, and the fine arts? Let Galileo stand for science, let Baronius stand for history, let St. Thomas stand for philosophy, let Dante stand for poetry, and let Michael Angelo stand for architecture. In industrial pursuits, Italy is behind many other nations; but in the fine arts and all their ramifications, Italy presents a measureless cloud of splendid names. The national life of Italy and the history of the Papacy are so interwoven and so interpenetrate each other as to be inseparable. God holds that land of changes in his hand, and may hereafter manifest his will in such a way as to make it *unmistakable*.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SPANIARD.



IGNIFIED reserve and tenacity of purpose form the corner-stone of the Spanish character. No nation has shed such rivers of blood as the Spanish, both in foreign warfare and internal strife. Not to mention minor wars, there were three which seem to have moulded the national character. It took the Romans two hundred years to subdue Spain. Spain fought against the Moors for nearly eight hundred years, and expelled them in 1492; and every one is acquainted with the prolonged and successful resistance of Spain during the Peninsular War, which led to the downfall of the great Napoleon. The great glory of Spain was the discovery and colonization of the New World, which became a home for the oppressed of all nations. The year 1492 is more glorious for Spain on account of the exploits of Columbus than by reason of the expulsion of the Moors or Saracens. In navigation, commerce, arts, sciences, martial glory, and political influence, Spain has stood in the foremost

rank of nations. In the days of the "Invincible Armada" she was the first. The loss of her colonies, continuous intestine wars, and autocratic principalities, as seeds of discord, have brought untold calamities on the Spanish people. Spain has been the last European country to assume a republican form of government, and calls up the fact that, while Latin races and Catholic peoples are nearly all republican at present, Teutonic races and Protestant nations have become more anti-republican in form. From time immemorial, a close intimacy of race, affections, character, and religion has existed between the Irish and Spanish races. There is a close resemblance of the physique and habits of the inhabitants of Connaught with those of the Spaniard. The Spaniards are impetuous and patient, dignified and friendly, frugal, and fiery, and warlike.

CHAPTER XXI.

OTHER EUROPEAN RACES OF TO-DAY.



SHALL not, for want of space, enter so much at length into the characteristics of other races, because I must keep room for the Irish race, the main subject of this book ; because other races may be traced to and classified with some of those already mentioned ; and because their history has had little or nothing to do with that of the Irish people. Of European races, the modern Greeks may be ascribed to the category of the Byzantine Greeks. Like them, they are fond of show, ease, and pleasure ; vain, indolent, and unscrupulous. The Poles resemble the Old Teutons, with the super-added notion of national despondency and gloom. The Hungarians and other subjects of the Austrian Empire retain the character of the stocks from which they come. The longer the Turks live, the lazier and more worthless they grow. Their civilization is effete, ancient Arab energy is dead, and as a race they look like autumn leaves. Let them perish. Sensuality, indolence, and despotism have ruined them. The

Danes and Scandinavians still maintain the manhood and activity of their forefathers, but without their cruelty, ferociousness, and marauding habits. The Swiss are a brave, hardy, educated, hospitable, and independent people. But every European country of our day is almost overshadowed by Russia, which runs like a vast mountain range from the frigid to the torrid zone, and casts the shadows of its peaks on the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The emancipation of Russian serfs, the introduction of telegraphs and railroads, the elevation of the Russian standard of education, are giving greater consolidation to the *Empire of all the Russias*, and making it the first power on the globe. A contest must yet be waged between the East and West of Europe greater than that which took place between the North and South of the United States.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE INHABITANTS OF ASIA.



ASIA is the largest of all the continents in area, the strangest in its peculiarities, the first in population, and the most ancient in its history. It is at once the birthplace of the human family, the mother of religions and philosophies, and the parent of human society and civilization. Asia is a land of wonders in its physical geography, in its populations, and in its religions. In its physical structure, Asia may be characterized as a flat country, though it is intersected by the most stupendous mountain chains in the world, irrigated with ocean rivers, and covered with immense lowlands and almost boundless plateaus. Four mighty mountain ranges run through Central Asia, almost parallel to the equator. The Himalaya chain, which consists of the Hindoo Koosh, the Imaus, and the mountains of Assam, extend in a line of eighteen hundred miles, and interpose their awful gorges and eternally snow-crowned peaks between the peninsulas of Southern Asia and its vast central table-lands. Some-

times tremendous fissures and ravines occur in this mountain-chain, through which rivers and torrents rush with unimagined fury. Then there is, nearly parallel to the Himalayan range, the line of the Altai Mountains, the line of the Celestial Mountains, and the line of the Kuen-lun. Some of the largest rivers on the globe roll over the surface of Asia. On the southern coast, they flow into the Indian Ocean; in the northern lands, they wind over the steppes of Siberia to the Arctic Ocean; and in the east they meander through the Flowery Kingdom to the shores of the Pacific. The table-lands of Asia are on the same gigantic scale as its mountains and rivers. The plains of Iran, Thibet, Taxila, Malwah, Deccan, Mysore, Ischim, and Baraba cover millions and millions of square miles, and are several thousand feet above the level of the sea. To these must be added the great deserts of the Great Gobi, Irak-Ajimi, Kizil Koom, Khiva, and many in Afghanistan, Hindoostan, Thibet, and Arabia, which occupy many hundred thousands of square miles. There are, also, steppes, thousands of square miles in area, far below the level of the sea. The vegetation and zoölogy of Asia are no less marvellous; and the climate is known to range in the same place from the most intense cold known in winter on the surface of the globe to the most

scorching and intolerable heat in summer. Armies have been known to have perished during winter in the land of the Kirghiz, and eggs may be roasted with the summer sun on the Kirghiz sandy plains.

What shall we say of the inhabitants of such a continent, numbering four hundred and eighty millions of human beings, and speaking nine hundred and thirty-seven languages? The Caucasian race claims one hundred and sixty-four millions of people in Asia; the Mongolian, two hundred and ninety-one; the Malay, twenty-four; and the Ethiopian, one. This huge aggregate of races may be divided into two elements—a changeable element and a changeless one. The peoples which have inhabited Central Asia, east of Russia to the confines of China, and south of Siberia to the Himalaya mountains, have been always a restless, warlike, ferocious, nomadic, and indomitable population, an endless source of trouble to Europe, China, and India. The races of Southern and Eastern Asia have been a settled, populous, and passive people. While the Kirghiz Kazak lives on horse-flesh and kamys, or mare's milk, the staple food of the Hindoo and Chinaman is rice. The sedentary populations of Asia have been subject, from time immemorial, to the most remorseless despot-

isms of emperors, kings, rajahs, nizams, shahs, and Brahmins, and overladen and weighed down to the earth by the doctrines of caste and fatality; but the Tartar spirit breathed the free air of the elevated plain, and was restrained by its tribal relations only. The tyrant-ridden races of Asia erected astounding and unparalleled works, such as the great wall of China and the religious structures of Hindoostan; but from the western flow of the free Tartar tribes arose mighty nations, which are to-day the umpires of the human race.

Religion forms the foundation-stone of the Asiatic character. The laws, the institutions, the customs, and the characteristics of Asiatic races are the outgrowths of their religious systems. Of the Mohammedan creed I have already spoken; and in this place I shall direct the reader's attention to the doctrines of Zoroaster, Confucius, Brahminism, and Buddhism. The religion of Zoroaster is contained in the "Zend Avesta," which was first published in French by Monsieur du Perron, at Paris, A.D. 1771. It is founded on the intrinsic difference between right and wrong; the freedom of the individual to battle for what is right; the providence of Ormazd, the Supreme Being; and personal holiness acquired in the struggle for truth, justice, right

The doctrines of Zoroaster are embodied in the hymns, prayers, invocations, and thanksgivings which compose the "Zend Avesta." I shall quote some passages from the "Avesta." Zarathustra (Zoroaster) says: "I worship and adore the Creator of all things, Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd), full of light! I worship the seven archangels or protecting spirits! I worship the primal Bull, the soul of Bull! I invoke thee, O Fire! thou son of Ormazd, most rapid of the immortals! I invoke Mithra, the lofty, the immortal, the pure, the sun, the ruler, the quick Horse, the eye of Ormazd! I invoke the holy Szaosha, gifted with holiness, and Raçnu (Spirit of Justice), and Arstat (Spirit of Truth)!"

A PRAYER OF ZOROASTER.

"I desire by my prayer, with uplifted hands, this joy; the pure works of the holy spirit, Mazda, a disposition to perform good actions; and pure gifts from both worlds, the bodily and spiritual."

AN INVOCATION OF ZOROASTER.

"In the name of God, the giver, forgiver, rich in love, I invoke the name of Ormazd, the God with the name who always was, always is, and always will be; the heavenly amongst the hea-

venly, with the name from whom alone is derived rule ! Ormazd is the greatest ruler, mighty, wise, creator, supporter, refuge, defender, completer of good works, overseer, pure, good, and just."

THANKSGIVING OF ZOROASTER.

"Offering and praise to the Lord, completer of good works, who made man greater than all earthly beings, and through the gift of speech created them to rule the creatures, as warriors against the Daêvas (evil spirits). All praise to the creator, Ormazd, the all-wise, mighty, rich in might ; to the seven Amshaspands (the seven archangels) ; to Zed Bahram, the victorious annihilator of foes."

A PATET, OR CONFESSION OF ZOROASTER.

"I repent of all sins. All wicked thoughts, words, and works which I have meditated in the world, corporal, spiritual, earthly, and heavenly, I repent of in your presence, ye believers. O Lord ! pardon through the three words !

"I praise the best purity. I hunt away the Dévs. I am thankful for the good of the creator, Ormazd ; with the opposition and unrighteousness which come from Ganâ-mainyo, am I contented and agreed in the hope of the resur-

rection. The Zarathustrian law created by Ormazd I take as a plummet. For the sake of this way I repent of all sins.

“The sins against father, mother, sister, brother, wife, child, against spouses, against the superiors, against my own relations, against those living with me, against those who possess equal property, against the neighbors, against the inhabitants of the same town, against servants, every unrighteousness through which I have been amongst sinners—of these sins repent I with thoughts, words, and works, corporeal as spiritual, earthly as heavenly, with the three words. Pardon, O Lord! I repent of sins.”

The religion of Confucius, like that of his countryman, Lao-tse, is remarkable for a high and far-reaching morality. All the duties of life are laid down very accurately, and the obligations of each state are defined with great minuteness. The spirit which permeates Confucianism is a deep veneration for society and unbounded respect for antiquity. The laws and traditions of the past are looked up to with a religious and national awe, and, being interwoven with the daily habits of Chinese life, are maintained with an unswerving and unrelaxed energy. Conservatism is the main trait of the religious and national life in China and all the Turanian offshoots.

The great religion of Hindoostan is Brahminism—a religion closely allied with Zoroastrianism. Its doctrines are contained in the Vedas, of which there are four : the Rig-veda, the Yagur-veda, the Sâma-veda, and the Atharva-veda. The laws of Manu, which are supposed to have been written between 1200 B.C. and 700 B.C., describe the life, duties, and offices of the Brahmins. In all Brahminism the great idea is that of caste. The caste doctrine has lain upon the Hindoo nations like a nightmare through thousands of years, and to it may be traced their degradation, pusillanimity, and helplessness in the presence of invaders.

Too much credit cannot be given the great Buddha for lifting up from hundreds of millions of human beings the heavy and paralyzing weight of caste. Though he was decorated with princely honors, he renounced all, and devoted an exalted and highly serviceable life to the cause of the pariah, the poor, and the slave. There is something almost divine in the sublime humanity of Buddhism. Buddha states the doctrine of love in his “Dhammapada,” or Path of Virtue, thus: “ ‘ He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me ’—hatred in those who harbor such thoughts will never cease. ‘ He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me ’—hatred

in those who do not harbor such thoughts will cease. For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love. This is an old rule." The "Dhammapada" places the attainment of the Nirvana, or highest happiness, in reflection, thoughtfulness, and contemplation; sets forth many warnings against Mâra, the tempter; condemns sinful thoughts, words, and actions; denounces foolishness, injustice, and inactivity; and speaks of impurity and ignorance in these words: "Make thyself an island; work hard; be wise! When thy impurities are blown away, and thou art free from guilt, thou wilt not enter again into birth and decay. Let a wise man blow off the impurities of his soul as a smith blows off the impurities of silver—one by one, little by little, and from time to time. Impurity arises from the iron, and, having risen from it, destroys it; thus do a transgressor's own works lead him to the evil path. The taint of prayers is non-repetition; the taint of houses is non-repair; the taint of the body is sloth; the taint of the watchman thoughtlessness. Bad conduct is the taint of a woman; greediness of a benefactor; tainted are all evil ways in this world and the next. But there is a taint worse than all taints. Ignorance is the greatest taint. He who destroys life; who speaks untruth, who takes in this world what is

not given him, who takes another man's wife, and the man who gives himself to drinking intoxicating liquors, he, even in this world, digs up his own root."

To be sure, the rust and crust of ages have gathered round the grand doctrines of Zoroaster, Confucius, Brahma, and Buddha; but we see that in the vast religious literature of the Orient, many hundred times more voluminous than that of the Christians, there is a splendid foundation on which to build the Christian edifice. Two-thirds of the human family are yet outside of the Christian fold; and all good men will pray that men may see a reunited Christendom, and the millions of the heathen hastening to its standard. O Asia! the land of the marvellous, when shall the day arrive to unbar the gates of light, and to give manhood to the Hindoo, energy to the Chinaman, civilization to the Tartar, prosperity and security to the Persian, and the Christian faith, sacrifice, and sacraments to thy benighted millions? The civilization of America is moving towards Asia with the rising sun, and from Russia and the west Christianity is advancing with ocean power. May their concentrated glories soon shine over the land of Shem!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE INHABITANTS OF AFRICA—THE NEGRO, THE INDIAN, THE POLYNESIAN.



AFRICA is the land of the unknown. Its vast deserts of shifting sand, its impenetrable jungles, its insupportable climate, its unreclaimed wildernesses, its ferocious wild beasts, and the savage lawlessness of its society, have drawn a veil between it and the gaze of civilized nations. The northern shore of Africa, from Suez to Mount Atlas, has been known for ages, and celebrated as a land of unsurpassed renown. Along the western coast of Africa, for twelve hundred miles on either side of the equator, there has been considerable intercourse between the natives and Europeans. The land of Kaffraria is tolerably well known to the British. The eastern coast around Abyssinia, and south towards the Cape of Good Hope, is comparatively unexplored; while the vast body of the continent is one huge, waste wilderness, the home of rapacious beasts and untutored savages, but hitherto untrodden by civilization. The races of Africa

number about eighty millions, and speak about one hundred and fifty dialects.

Yet Africa was the land of the Carthaginians and the Egyptians. Greece found its learning, its philosophy, its mythology, and its religion in Egypt. Old Egypt, proud in its wealth and magnificence, was still prouder as the mother of religions and civilizations. The Egyptians were skilled in astronomy, geometry, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, chemistry, medicine, anatomy, mining, and agriculture. Their pyramids, obelisks, colossal statues, monolithic temples, and massive masonry are unsurpassed in age by the works of any nation, and unrivalled in exquisite workmanship. James Freeman Clarke gives the following admirable condensation of old Egyptian life from Wilkinson: "The oldest mural paintings disclose a state of the arts of civilization so far advanced as to surprise those who have made archæology a study. It is not astonishing to find houses with doors and windows, with verandas, with barns for grain, vineyards, gardens, fruit-trees, etc. We might also expect, since man is a fighting animal, to see, as we do, pictures of marching troops, armed with spears and shields, bows, slings, daggers, axes, maces, and the boomerang; or to notice coats of mail, standards, war-chariots;

or to find the assault of forts by means of scaling-ladders. But these ancient tombs also exhibit to us scenes of domestic life and manners which would seem to belong to the nineteenth century after our era, rather than to the fifteenth century before it. Thus we see monkeys trained to gather fruit from the trees in an orchard ; houses furnished with a good variety of chairs, tables, ottomans, carpets, couches, as elegant and elaborate as any used now. There are comic and *genre* pictures of parties, where the gentlemen and ladies are sometimes represented as being the worse for wine ; of dances, where ballet-girls in short dresses perform very modern-looking pirouettes ; of exercises in wrestling, games of ball, games of chance, like chess or checkers, of throwing knives at a mark, of the modern thimblorig, wooden dolls for children, curiously carved wooden boxes, dice and toy-balls. There are men and women playing on harps, flutes, pipes, cymbals, trumpets, drums, guitars, and tambourines. Glass was, till recently, believed to be a modern invention unknown to the ancients. But we find it commonly used as early as the age of Osertasen I., more than three thousand eight hundred years ago ; and we have pictures of glass-blowing and of glass bottles as far back as the fourth dynasty. The best Vene-

tian glass-workers are unable to rival some of the old Egyptian work; for the Egyptians could combine all colors in one cup, introduce gold between two surfaces of glass, and finish, in glass, details of feathers, etc., which it now requires a microscope to make out. It is evident, therefore, that they understood the use of the magnifying-glass. The Egyptians also imitated successfully the colors of precious stones, and could even make statues, thirteen feet high, closely resembling an emerald. They also made mosaics in glass of wonderfully brilliant colors. They could cut glass at the most remote periods. Chinese bottles have also been found in previously unopened tombs of the eighteenth dynasty, indicating commercial intercourse reaching as far back as that epoch. They were able to spin, and weave, and color cloth, and were acquainted with the use of mordants, the wonder in modern calico-printing. Pliny describes this process as used in Egypt, but evidently without understanding its nature. Writing-paper, made of the papyrus, is as old as the Pyramids. The Egyptians tanned leather and made shoes; and the shoemakers, working on their benches, are represented exactly like ours. Their carpenters used axes, saws, chisels, drills, planes, rulers, plummets, squares, hammers, nails, and hones

for sharpening. They also understood the use of glue in cabinet-making; and there are paintings of veneering, in which a piece of thin, dark wood is fastened by glue to a coarser piece of light wood. Their boats were propelled by sail on yards and masts, as well as by oars. They used the blow-pipe in the manufacture of gold chains and other ornaments. They had rings of silver and gold for money, and weighed it in scales of a careful construction. Their hieroglyphics were carved on the hardest granite, with a delicacy and accuracy which indicate the use of some metallic cutting-instrument, probably harder than our best steel. The siphon was known in the fifteenth century before Christ. The most singular part of their costume was the wig worn by all the higher classes, who constantly shaved their heads as well as their chins, which shaving of the head is supposed by Herodotus to be the reason of the thickness of the Egyptian skull. They frequently wore false beards. Sandals, shoes, and low boots, some very elegant, are found in the tombs. Women wore loose robes, ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets, armlets, anklets, gold necklaces. In the tombs are found vases for ointment, mirrors, combs, needles. Doctors and drugs were not unknown to them; and the passport system is no modern invention, for their

deeds contain careful description of the person, exactly in the style with which European travelers are familiar. We have mentioned only a small part of the customs and arts with which the tombs of the Egyptians show them to be familiar."

The foregoing synopsis will give the reader an inkling of the great extent to which we are indebted to Africa for the comforts and luxuries of life. But the land of the shepherd kings and the Pharaos, of Origen, Augustine, and Euclid, is sadly changed. Its civilization has been swept away, and nothing but its imperishable monuments have withstood the devastation of tyrants and the desolation of ages.

We can, however, find some rays of light penetrating here and there this wide and gloomy continent. On the north, the religion and civilization of France are spreading over Algiers; the Khedive is reawakening Egypt; and pirates have been suppressed along its shores. On the west, the Republic of Liberia, though in its infancy, gives promise of a grand and elevated destiny, even from the morn of its life. In the south, the sturdy colonization of the Englishman is making successful headway; and, in the east, the Christian powers are stretching out their strong arms to suppress the diabolical traffic of slavery. The

missionaries of the Catholic Church are in the depths of the darkest jungles of interior Africa with the torch of Christian civilization.

There are, at the present day, three outcasts from civilization—the negro of Africa, the Indian of America, and the Polynesian of the South Sea Islands. Notwithstanding the ferocity and inhumanity of the Ashantees, Dahomans, Koorankoes, and other races, the negroes of Africa are a kind, humane, hospitable, cheerful, and happy people. They have many of the finer qualities of civilized life, are great lovers of music and song, and are gifted with tendencies and qualities susceptible of a high social refinement. The Fellatahs are among the most advanced tribes. No one can find in Negro-land the dark, savage temper of the South Sea cannibal; nor will any one discover the treacherous reserve, and proud, remorseless nature of the North American Indian. The low social condition and the gloomy features of the negro's character are surrounded with very strong extenuating circumstances, and, when we find him under happier auspices in the States, we witness the most satisfactory results. The South Sea Islander, the Indian, and the negro have come into contact with civilization. The South Sea Islander and the Indian remind me of the verse

of Buddha: "If a fool be associated with a wise man all his life, he will perceive the truth as little as a spoon perceives the taste of soup." On the other hand, the contact of the negro with civilization brings to my mind that other verse of Buddha: "If an intelligent man be associated for one minute only with a wise man, he will perceive the truth as the tongue perceives the taste of soup." Behold, what a mission for the civilization and Christianity of the world! Though Ireland is only a mite among the millions in the races we have reviewed, let us hope that the light of her faith, her genius, and her knowledge will, as in the golden days of her history, be shed with splendor on the dark places of the continents and islands of the earth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SCOTCHMAN.



FTER beholding the races of the world, we now approach the sacred soil of the Celt on the mainland and islands of liberty-loving Caledonia, and on the green hills and plains of ocean-leaguered Ireland. Shemitic in origin, blessed with the purest and noblest traditions of the Aryan religion, gifted with the longevity and conservatism of the Turanian races, glorious with the antiquity of the Hebrew patriarchs, blissful with the happiness of Brahma, pure with the sublime morality of Buddha, and lovely with an inborn and inbred natural beauty, the Celtic race rested in its island homes by the wild ocean undisturbed for ages and ages in its isolation. The Druidism of the Celts seems to have had a close convergence with the religion of Zoroaster, and to lay claim to common Vedic sources. In war habiliments, dresses, ornaments, and some social habits, there was a near approach to the Egyp-

tians. The language, or rather languages (for there were four—one of the court, one of the Druids, one of the Ollamhs, and one of the people), was remarkable for an oriental copiousness, a well-ordered development, a mathematical precision, a poetic versatility, and an unmistakably close affinity with the oldest tongues of the globe. There was in the build of the Celtic frame the robust vigor of the adventurer, in the Celtic manner the vivacity of the East, and in the Celtic eye the fiery animation of the Orient. I shall, for the present, speak of the Caledonian, or Albanian, or Scotch branch of the Celtic race.

In looking over the configuration and physical features of Scotland and its islands, one will immediately see that it is only a hardy and heroic race that could grapple with the almost countless natural difficulties which present themselves. The barren, inhospitable shore-line, and the high, beetling headlands, both on the islands and the mainland, together with the swift-flowing, angry billows of the Atlantic, are a formidable obstacle to navigation of all kinds and at all times. The rivers are short, rapid, and, for the most part, unfit for commercial purposes, except towards the estuaries. Northern Scotland is overrun with mountain-chairs

and dotted with mountain peaks, which present impenetrable barriers, and have the appearance of wild and uninhabitable regions. The winter months are sure to bring a searching cold, while the summer season is of uncertain temperature.

This is the country which has been the home for thousands of years of the bravest, most intelligent, and most independent race of which we have record in the annals of the world. In the barren crags and stormy mountains of Caledonia the Scot was free. He looked across the rough ocean-river that rolled between Almha and Erin, and sent for centuries the message of freedom and friendship to the warriors of Ulster, his brother Dalriadians in Ireland. From his mountain home he saw the Roman legions frittered into foam at the foot of the Grampians, and rejoiced in his independence. The gathering of the clans and chieftains of Albania under the Maormor, Malcolm, the Lord of Moray, in the year 993, banished for ever the viking and the sea-king from Scottish homes. The great battle of Bannockburn established the independence of Scotland under the immortal Robert Bruce, A.D. 1314. In this battle the Scotch were assisted by the Irish, according to Chaucer, who says :

“To Albion, Scots, we ne’er would yield ;
The Irish bowmen swept the field.”

The accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English throne in 1603, and the Act of Union in 1707, destroyed the legislative independence of Scotland, but left its nationality unimpaired. No Scotchman will admit the conquest of his country. He asserts that he made a good bargain, and, as long as it is profitable, he will abide by it. By stipulations in the Act of Union, the Court of Justiciary, or criminal court, is supreme in the highest sense ; and from the Court of Session, or supreme civil court, there is only an appeal to the House of Lords. The old law of Scotland strictly holds in all heritable rights. At the present day, the Scotch members of Parliament act in a solid body, and are never refused their demands in the Imperial Parliament.

The Scotch have at all times carried the spirit of national independence into church matters to a surprising extent. In the year 563, forty years before the landing of St. Augustine on the shore of Kent (603), St. Columbkil, the soldier-minstrel-saint of Erin, landed in Iona, and, within a few years, kindled on the mountain peaks of Scotland the united lights of the wild freedom of the Caledonians and the spiritual independence

of Catholicity. For a thousand years the Scots of Erin and the Scots of Caledon were valiant champions of the church and loving fellow-laborers through the kingdoms of Europe. With the Reformation a sad change came! Faithful Ireland adhered to the old church, and Scotland rose in rebellion against monarchy and aristocracy in its religious system. The authority of the Pope and the jurisdiction of prelates were overthrown as unnational, anti-Scotch, and anti-Christian. Unbefriended, the Scotch fought and conquered the power of Rome and the power of England. It was the spirit of nationality asserting itself which was brought into collision with the authorities of the church. The same spirit led to the revolt of four hundred and seventy-four ministers in 1843, and the founding of the Free Church of Scotland. At the time of the first rebellion, on the overthrow of the Papal and episcopal authority, the Scotch divided their country into one thousand and fourteen parishes, and established a purely republican constitution for the church. The Constitution of the United States seems to have been modelled on, and to have caught the spirit of, the Scotch Presbyterian organization.

There is no part of Great Britain and Ireland which diffuses more thought over the kingdom

than Scotland. As mathematicians and metaphysicians, the Scotch stand in the first rank of European nations; as inventors, they are rivals of the Americans; as historians, they compete with the Italians; in works of the imagination and in fiction, they are the equals of the French; in speculation, they can stand comparison with the Germans; and in common sense they are not beaten by the English. The Scotch are an educated, intelligent, independent, laborious, happy, and hospitable people. In their own homes, notwithstanding separation in religion and isolation for centuries, they have all the traits and peculiarities of the Irish people. Their love of song and dancing, their habits at festive enjoyments, their mirth and jokes, their amusements and pastimes, their clanship and customs, their common, ancient language, and a thousand other facts, imperatively stamp them as members of one race. When religious prejudice disappears, they will inevitably unite, and rising, like a phoenix from its ashes, give birth to a new and a grander Celtic race. The Catholic Bishop of Cloyne, the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, in union with his clergy, has given the initiative in the following resolutions, which shine like a bright light amid the darkness of Irish politics:

RESOLUTIONS.

1. That the time has arrived when the interests of our country require from us, as priests and as Irishmen, a public pronouncement on the vital question of Home Rule.

2. That as impartial history has branded as unconstitutional and corrupt the means by which we have been deprived of our legislative independence, we regard the claim made by the Home Rule Association in Dublin for its restoration as the assertion of a true principle, and the vindication of an outraged right.

3. That whilst we emphatically disclaim any intention of seeking separation from England, we would respectfully suggest, as the best means of giving practical effect to these views, the holding of a meeting in Dublin of the representatives of all interested in the great question—AND THEY ARE THE ENTIRE PEOPLE, WITHOUT DISTINCTION OF CREED OR CLASS—for the purpose of placing, by constitutional means, on a broad and definite basis, the nation's demand for the restoration of its plundered rights.

Signed, on behalf of the Fermoy Conference,

✠ WILLIAM KEANE,

D. O'MAHONY, *V.G. and Dean.*

Signed, on behalf of the Kanturk Conference,

P. D. O'REGAN, *P.P., V.G., Archdeacon.*

Signed, on behalf of the Coachford Conference,

JOHN CULLINANE, *P.P., V.F., and Canon.*

Signed, on behalf of the Buttevant Conference,

D. DILWORTH, *D.D., P.P., V.F., and Canon.*

Signed, on behalf of the Middleton Conference,

JOHN FITZPATRICK, *P.P., V.F., and Canon.*

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE IRISH RACE.



LOSE by the storm-beaten mountains of Caledonia, or Scotia Minor, and within view of its shores, was an island which the Greeks called Ierne, or Juverva, the Romans Hibernia, the Celts Erin or Eri, and, it may be, an ancient writer Ogygia. It was also called Scotia Major, and contained the greater portion of the Celtic race. The perpetual mists of the Atlantic Ocean bedecked its surface with a matchless green. Eri was rich in fruits, and flowers, and vegetation, watered with innumerable streams, and superabundantly blessed with the fat of the earth. In that happy western land, which the ancients deemed to be the last of the earth, there dwelt, in its Druidical or pre-Christian era, a simple, upright, and patriarchal people, whose religion was a sublime pantheism, whose government was tribal, and whose language, rites, laws, and manners were oriental. It was the Hiberno-Celtic branch of the first wave of the human family which rested and remained unchanged, unpolluted, and undisturbed in its island, ocean-guarded home.

Other waves came afterwards from the great Iranian Centre of population, but they were broken in their western course on the continent, and never reached the western island.

This primeval people of Eri was gifted by nature with wonderful endowments, and among all its traits there was none so marked as a deep and ineradicable religious instinct. Whether it assembled beneath the dark shadows of its groves, and caught only a dim and distant glimpse of its fire-god through the lonely vista, or whether it viewed with reverence the sacred fire of its lofty round towers, or whether it assembled to hear the chronicles of its bards or the exhortations of its Druids, it was animated, quickened, and directed by the idea of the unearthly, the supernatural, the divine. Whatever tended to cherish this notion was near and dear to the Irish heart. The wild music, the deep pathos, the sombre melancholy, the fiery spirit, and the magic genius of Irish bards and Druids had irresistible fascinations for the Irish race. Not less influential was the power of Irish chieftains, especially in time of war; for the Irish, like the Gauls, were always a warlike people, and, after the gifts of their gods, yearned for nothing so much as the glories of the battle-field.

There was, besides, in the homes of the ancient

Irish, an inviolable hospitality. The stranger and the friend, the relative and the enemy, were sacred within the Irish home. At all times the Irish have looked upon violated hospitality as the darkest crime. Naturally faithful to their obligations, and warmly attached to their friends, they detested what was mean, what was foul, what was unnational and unnatural; and as good works and righteousness bring peace, the land of Eri was a land of joy. Hence the Irish love of song, minstrelsy, and music.

But when the light of revelation and the rays of divine grace were shed upon this naturally good and holy people, what a magnificent spectacle was presented to the eyes of angels and of men! The bright virtues of heavenly spirits were impersonated on earth, and all Ireland, according to its kingdoms, and princedoms, and clanships, began to lead a heavenly and superhuman life. The purity, the justice, the truthfulness, the penitential spirit, the spirit of prayer, the love of the sacrifice and sacraments, the reverence for holy things, and the deep, broad depths of religion in holy Ireland through centuries were without a parallel among nations. During those centuries were laid the imperishable foundations on which the indestructibility of the Irish race ever afterwards rested.

It would be difficult to decide whether the Christian Irish race has clung with greater tenacity to its religion or its nationality; nor does it matter much, for both religion and nationality have been fellow-sufferers, and have given mutual aid and comfort to each other in the darkest hours of Ireland's gloom. God forbid that religion and nationality, as was the case with the Scotch nation, should ever come into collision, and that the bond of union which has bound together the Irishman's faith and fatherland for generations should be sundered by any one or for any cause! The religious and national feelings of the Irish race are inseparably interwoven and consecrated by the alliance of ages. From their union has arisen the elasticity of the Irish race, whereby its heart can grow warm in sorrow, and be clothed with brightness in its gloom. There is a lovableness about the Irish spirit which can charm even in its tribulations, as the song of the Irish captive can make his master shed tears. And to this cause can be referred the assimilating powers of the Celt. As fire changes into its own likeness whatever is cast into it, so the Celts transmute to their own image all foreign elements. Whatever goes to Scotland is made Scotch, and whoever lives in Ireland becomes more Irish than the Irish themselves. In this

way Celtic and Irish nationality has been preserved despite the Dane, the Norman, the Saxon, and other importations. Religion, on the other hand, has received a majestic impetus and an irresistible onflow from Celtic nationality. See how the Irish have carried the grand old church over continents and oceans, and planted the cross of Rome from the rising to the setting sun. The remnants whom Cromwell left in Ireland have multiplied like the Jews of old, and filled the world with their religion and their name. Nor can we withhold our judgment on the Caledonian branch of the Celtic family. The Presbyterians of Scotland have marched side by side with the Irishman, and, having conquered their oppressors at home, have carried their form of Christianity through the wide lands of the world. Unaided by church organizations, and unbefriended by nations, the Scotico-Celtic spirit has worked its way by its own inborn energy. Alas! that they have separated from the Celtic race, and have been disinherited by their forefathers of the full truth and grace of the grand old Catholic Church! Alas! that their ancient love has been turned unto hatred against their own brother Celts and against their mother, the church, who in centuries long past gave birth to their nation with pain!

Despite the shortcomings of the Celtic race and the stains which ages of hatred, darkness, and persecution have left on it, we see no race whose virtues in the aggregate can outshine it. It is not weighed down by the torpor and stolidity of Asiatic nations; it is not led away by the imaginativeness of the French, nor the animation of the Italians, which mistakes enthusiasm for effectiveness; it is not hampered with the meanness and plodding dulness of the Germans; it is not stained with the cold, cruel selfishness of the Englishman. The Celtic race is religious and warlike, pure and hospitable, brave and magnanimous, a lover of science and adventure, devoted to the arts and civilization, proud in its antiquity, strong in its energy, defiant in its anger, and evidently marching on to a grand destiny among nations. Though there is more of coolness and mathematical calculation in the Scotch than in the Irish, among whom sentimentality predominates to a greater degree, I shall show the reader in the following chapter that the Irish nation was nigh annihilated, and arose, as it were, from the dead.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RESURRECTION OF THE CELTIC RACE.



DO not wish to write of Celtic kings, and chiefs, and forms of government, because accursed is the nation whose trust is in its kings, and blessed is the nation whose hope is in itself and the Lord God. I do not wish to write of Celtic policy and the blunders of the Celts, because woe be to the nation that gazes with mourning on the sorrows of the past, and sits among nations as a weeping Niobe. I do not wish to write of the triumphs of the Celts, because blindness and a curse are on the nation that lives on the glories of its forefathers. I do not wish to show that though the body of the Celtic race has been prostrate again and again, and, so to speak, decomposed in the eyes of nations, its spirit has been not only unconquerable and indestructible, but has possessed a quickening and vivifying power, and has, as it were, reawakened the Celtic nation from the dead. I wish to impart life, and light, and heat to that immortal Celtic spirit which burns in Celtic bosoms, and to fill

and flush it with a present, practical, and living energy for battling its way amid the conflicts of nationalities in our own age. We are not, like the Jews (whom I call the Irish of the ancient dispensation), to sit down by the rivers of Babylon and weep, saying, "How shall we sing the songs of Ireland in a foreign land?" but we are to lift up our eyes and behold the flag of Ireland rising among ages like the sunburst of morning, and, though we stood on the graveyard of the Celtic race, send it floating onward and triumphant to future generations. The life of other races has been measured by centuries and extinguished in feebleness and decrepitude of old age; but the Celtic race, after its thousands of years, is now strong, healthy, and youthful. Other races have been dwarfed in their expansion by climates, and by water, and by mountains; but the march of the Celtic race has been over oceans, and continents, and zones. Other races have been exterminated, or submerged, or transfigured by fire, flood, famine, laws, pestilence, treachery, and the sword; but in the roll, and rumble, and roar of races westward, noising like many waters, the indomitable spirit of the Celtic race was ever seen standing on the crests of the highest waves of that ocean with the cross in one hand and the sunburst in the other, and

transforming the nationalities on its way into the glory of its own likeness.

Many a time was it submerged, and many a time did it disappear; but it was never drowned. There is something sad and exciting about its career. At one time holy but unhappy Ireland appears crowned with glory and clad with the rays of the sun, and beaming with the smiles of surpassing beatitude; at another, after terrific convulsions, she grows black, and dark, and shrouded with the shadows of death, and vanishes as a vision before the eyes of nations. Come with me in spirit. In the golden age of Ireland we stand on the sacred isle. Its rocky promontories trend as break-waters into a dark and tempestuous main, and that dark and tempestuous main eternally murmurs round us, telling us that we are free. And within this ocean-river nature spreads out her undulating plains and green-robed hills, glad with vegetation, and life, and liberty, and cooled and beautified with innumerable streams. The clouds of desolation and death rest upon the nations of Europe, and wars and the rumors of wars sound from afar as the noise of distant thunder; but the light of science and civilization that shone upon the isles of Greece and Western Asia, and the glory of Christianity that was bright over the hills of

Rome, concentrate their rays, and smile upon our own happy and holy Ireland. Nations abroad that are in gloom see our light, and come to walk in our brightness and our glory, saying, "Come, let us go up to the mountain of the house of the Lord that is elevated on the top of the mountains." And at home an Arch Ollamh writes: "O Erin! thy granaries are full, thy children are happy, thy daughters are virtuous, thy sons are brave, thy old men are wise, thy rulers are just, and thy homes are in peace." Or, again, let us stand on the ocean-leaguered shore of holy happy Ireland, and follow in spirit the unconquerable armies of her children as they march ever onward to give battle to heathenism, ferocity, ignorance, and savagery. Let us behold the venerable and patriarchal Columbkil, as he leaves his own loved Derry of the Oaks, and urges his wicker boat across the angry ocean-river that rolls by his new home on the cliffs and crags of unvanquished and liberty-loving Caledonia. Shall we follow the Irish missionary army to Lindisfarne, to Oxford? Shall we see them traverse, with the standard of the cross, the land of Gaul, which more than two centuries before the fiery and ferocious Niall of the nine hostages swept beneath the banner of the sunburst from the Loire to the Alps? Shall we encamp with them at

Paris, at Lunueil? Shall we march with them by the Rhine? Shall we ascend with them the Alps to St. Gall? Shall we descend with them to Lombardy, and at Bobbio pour our tears upon the sacred dust of the man-despising but God-loving Columbanus? What, shall we visit the forests where the brave Arminius met the Romans, to gather up the sacred remains of our missionary forefathers at Ratisbon and its dependencies, at Kiew, at Salzburg, and in Friedland? Surely of the Irish spirit it might be said that it was “a vessel of election to carry Christian civilization before Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel.”

Ireland's life has been made up of very bright days and very dark nights. The plagues of Egypt did not try the soul of Pharaoh more sorely than did the sorrows and calamities of Ireland the spirit of the Irish race. “Now, on a certain day, when the sons of God came to stand before the Lord, Satan also was present among them. And the Lord said to him: ‘Whence comest thou?’ And he answered and said: ‘I have gone round about the earth, and walked through it.’ And the Lord said to him: ‘Hast thou considered my servant Ireland, that there is none like her—a simple and upright nation, fearing God and avoiding evil?’

And Satan, answering, said: 'Doth Ireland fear God in vain? Hast thou not made a fence for her and all her substance round about, blessed the work of her hands, and her possession hath increased on the earth? But put forth thy hand and touch all that she hath, and her bone and her flesh, and then thou wilt see that she will bless thee to thy face.' Then the Lord said to Satan: 'All that she hath, and her bone and her flesh, are in thy hand. Only put not forth thy hand upon the life of her spirit.'" Then the vials of wrath and anger were opened and poured out upon Ireland, and the nations of the world heard the voice, as it were, of an angel flying through the heavens and crying: Woe, woe, woe to the Irish race! The Northman, or the Dane, landed on the shores of unhappy Erin, and drank in human skulls the blood of Ireland for 214 years. The children of Ask and Embla, the Scandinavian Adam and Eve, looked to Asgard, the heavenly Jerusalem, and learned to please their gods Surtur, Odin, Asa-Thor, and Niord by bravery in battle and ferocity towards their foes. The brave Northmen drank hydro-mel and ate lard on the floor of Odin or the Valhalla in the skulls of their enemies. Alas! for Ireland the day these savages landed beneath the black ravens of Odin in Ulster, and

Dublin, and Iona, and Cork, and Limerick, and Waterford. This was the first vial of wrath poured out on Ireland, and lasted from the year 796 to the Good Friday of 1014, when the raven of the North was banished by Brian Boroihme. Again, these Northmen had seized Neustria in Gaul, from them called Normandy, and, under William the Conqueror, sealed the fate of the Saxons in 1066. After persecuting the Saxon race for 106 years, the wave of conquest ebbed towards the shore of Ireland once more. Alas! for Ireland when Strongbow and his adventurers landed on its southeast coast in 1169. Behold the second vial of wrath which was poured out upon Ireland, and it has continued to our day—that is, over seven hundred years. The separation of Caledon from Erin, or the division of Scotia, and the disunion of Irishman and Irishman, form the third and last vial of wrath, for which we exclaim: Woe, woe, woe to the Irish race!

How the eyes grow dim, and the heart saddens, and the head sickens, as we contemplate the horrors of this tortured nation bathed in blood! The spear, the battle-axe, and the javelin of vikings were red with the blood of Ireland for hundreds of years. The veins of Ireland were scarcely full, when the sword of the Norman

knight, the bayonet of the Saxon, and the lance of the Englishman kept the soil of holy Ireland red with the blood of the Irish race for seven long centuries. Then the fratricidal hand of the Scot was turned against the Irishman, and Irishman shed the blood of Irishman, as Cain slew his brother Abel. Foreign mercenaries were imported to complete the work of depletion, and Irishmen were deported to spill their blood in foreign lands, working out the will of foreign tyrant masters. Ireland was transformed from a land of peace to a land we might name *haceldama*. Ireland saw her sons slain, her old men and women slaughtered, her virgins murdered, her ministers mangled and beheaded, her infants lifted on the points of bayonets into the air. War, with the savage tramp of its iron hoof, spattered the blood of the Irish race over the Irish soil, and, like a deluge, swept away her towns, her temples, her universities, her institutions, her homes, and the very landmarks of civilization. "A voice was heard in Ireland, lamentation and great mourning: Ireland bewailing her children, and would not be consoled, because they are not." And amidst the woe and wailing of Ireland, the confiscation code was produced. The lands of sages, saints, and ollavites were confirmed in the names of sav-

age, and unreasoning, and unmerciful strangers, whose deeds were celebrated by Skalds and British chroniclers. What is a man without ownership? What is a nation without a country? What is a race without a territory? Still more, this bleeding, persecuted, pauper remnant of the Irish race must be enslaved, enthralled, and enchained. Twenty thousand Irish were shipped as slaves to islands on this continent; firms, as Leader & Co., were established to kidnap the unfortunate children of old and venerable Ireland. Then the laws! Misfortunes may be retrieved, defeats reversed, and conquests overthrown; but the machinery of the law must make the calamities of Ireland irreversible. It must roll on, grinding out the remnant of the race regularly, incessantly, remorselessly. It must not only strike down the man, and the nation, and their surroundings, but stamp out the soul, the manhood, the spirit, and the nationality of the people. O ye laws! strike the intellect. No Irishman shall henceforth be a lawyer, a physician, a clergyman; no Irishman shall be eligible to place of power or emolument; no Irishman shall have an elective voice in the land of his fathers; no Irishman shall have a right to educate or be educated; no Irishman shall be a common mechanic. O ye laws! strike the conscience. There shall be but

one religion, one manner of worship, one God of one faction. Recreants shall be punished, and the conquered race, under pain of extermination, shall be "civil men well affected." O ye laws! strike the morals. One Northman shall be in every house in Ireland, and may violate the wife, or daughter, or sister of the Irishman. The Englishman may kill the Irishman, and not be subject to the same tribunal. Son, betray thy father; daughter, betray thy mother; brother, forget thy sister, if she be Irish. What! Good God! is there more deep damnation from the perverted ingenuity of man? The angel of Satan answers yes. Gather ye together the remnant of the race of Job; raise the cry, To hell or to Connaught with the Irish; under pain of death let not the mere Irish see the ocean, or come within three miles of the Shannon; there work ye out my laws. Commissions sat to do the work in the land of our forefathers.

I pass in spirit to hills of Connaught, and weep like Jeremias over the ruins of the Irish Jerusalem and nation. I see around me the ashes of my race, or hastening to this last wide Calvary. Hunger bloats the faces of some, sorrows and tribulations bow down the frames of others. The mouths of some are painted green, from eating grass, greens, nettles, and whatever they can

pluck up by the way. I look on the individual ; the individual cannot help the individual, and there is no hope. I look on the family ; family ties are sundered, and there is no hope. I look on society ; society is disorganized, and there is no hope. Where is the grand old church of Ireland—the mother of churches, the home of learning and piety, the bright light that shone over the western ocean ? The wilds around me answer and echo, *She is dead*. Where is Irish society, with its warriors, and sages, and poets, and patriots ; with its joys, and its virtues, and hospitality ? The wilds around me answer and echo. They are gone, *they are dead*. Where is the Irish race that has lived three thousand years, and never bent the knee to Roman, Northman, Neustrian, or Saxon ? The wilds around me answer, Six thousand yet remain. Where is the spirit of the Irish race ? The wilds around me, answering, rumble, *Unconquered as the eternal hills of God, that spirit yet remains*.

And when I heard that noble answer, its spirit entered into me, and I saw a rustling among the dead bones of my fathers, scattered over the plains of holy Ireland, and they came together, and were tied together, and were clothed with flesh and skin, and the spirit of life entered into them, and a nation and a race were before me once more.

Then I thought of the elasticity of the Celtic nature, and how sorrow upon sorrow had been heaped upon its head, and yet it rose again; it bore upon it the superscription of the Most High, and no human agency could wipe it out. There, too, was the inborn brightness of the Celtic mind, which burned whatever approached with the energy of fire, and transfigured it into its own likeness. Its likeness was stamped on nations during the golden era of Ireland's history. Why not once more? Anyhow, the eternal spirit of the chainless mind shone brightest in chains, in slavery, and in dungeons. And there were the charms of the Celtic heart to captivate the master, to change hatred into love, to make the savage meek, the cruel merciful, the tyrant pliant.

Now, this spontaneous and unrestricted versatility of the Irish spirit has been, in fact, one great cause of conserving the Celtic race. It found a solace in sorrow; it gave patience in adversity; it had an innate effectiveness, which external agencies could not destroy; it was like the diamond or gem, which is a diamond altogether or in parts. Add to this the consolation which is felt by an individual or nation persecuted for conscience's sake. Consider, likewise, the effectiveness imparted by the love of land and race. These are three powers of unquestionable

vitality, and manifest power of resistance. They have borne the Irish nation, as they have sustained the Jew, the Pole, the Caucasian, and the Greek, through many dark, calamitous centuries of persecution, degradation, and imminent dissolution. And when favorable circumstances were added to these, as in the case of the Irish race, resurrection, expansion, and independence were natural consequences. The American Revolution and the Napoleonic wars were the first blows to break the chains that had been clanking heavily on the limbs of the Irish race. The sword of Napoleon the Great cut asunder the fetters of feudal ages, and Washington, with sword in hand, stood by the grave of the Irish race, and said: "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen," and at the sound of the sacred name of liberty, the Celts awoke to fight the principle over again, that

"'Tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains."

And since that time, notwithstanding spasmodic, or ill-timed, or ill-managed, or hopeless attempts at the independence of Ireland, the most remarkable of which were '98, '48, and '66, the resurrection of the Irish race has been

accomplished, and its expansion is progressing. Had these attempts succeeded, the leaders would have been Washingtons, Jeffersons, Madisons, and Franklins, since success is everything in the eyes of the world; but even of their failure we can say:

Who fears to speak of '98?

Who blushes at the name?

When cowards mock the patriot's fate,

Who hangs his head for shame?

We blush not, for we feel the effluence of a national Irish spirit, wider than the boundaries of Ireland, which is building up, on a world-wide scale, a grander, nobler, and more magnificent Ireland. One by one the instruments of annihilation have been destroyed by the Irish race. Was Ireland divided, vanquished, decimated, pulverized by wars? To-day we have three Irelands—one in the British Islands, one in America, one in Australia. Was Ireland confiscated? To-day the Irish race holds the title-deeds of land ten times the area of old Ireland. Was Ireland oppressed by legislation? To-day the Irish race can control the destinies of the two greatest governments on the globe. Did laws degrade the Irish intellect, corrupt the Irish morals, and trample on the Irish conscience?

To-day Irish intellect is a password to power, preferment, and emolument the world over; Irish good morals an undoubted guarantee to confidence, and Irish conscience as free as the light of God's sun or the free winds of God's heavens. Was the Irish race reduced to six hundred thousand? To-day I would set down the Irish and those of Irish descent at twenty, and the Celtic race at thirty millions of human beings. And of all races who have suffered shipwreck, the Irish nation has lost the least. What is that? I mean its language. And of that we can say that its loss is a financial, educational, and political gain. Besides, it is not thoroughly dead, but, as a friend of mine, the late Father Mullen, wrote,

“'Tis fading, oh! 'tis fading, like leaves upon the trees;
In murmuring tones 'tis dying, like wail upon the breeze;
'Tis fastly disappearing, like footprints on the shore,
Where the Barrow and the Bann and Lough Erne's waters roar.”

What shall we say, then? Was not the Irish race dead? Has the Irish race risen from the dead? Was not the Irish race dead—dead by wars, confiscation, legislation, treachery; dead in education and arts, in religious liberty, and numbers, and possessions; dead ecclesiastically, politically, and nationally as a race? But did not the immortal spirit of the Irish race by its elasticity,

its inborn brightness of mind, the charms of its heart ; by its own spontaneous and unrestricted versatility, under favorable circumstances, quicken, reanimate, reawaken, and recall the Celtic race to a new and glorious resurrection?

The Irish race was like Lazarus in the tomb ; it has put off the bandages of death ; let it be like Lazarus in life. The Irish race was like Job sitting on a dunghill and saying : “ Let the day wherein I was born be turned into darkness, let a mist overspread it, let it be wrapped up in bitterness ” ; would it were like Job, at home in Ireland, in his old age : “ And the Lord blessed the latter days of Job more than the beginning.” We saw the Irish race drinking the cup of tribulations and of woe to the dregs ; we saw the light of nations turned into a dark cloud ; we saw it like *Œdipus*, in the great tragedy of Sophocles, turned out from nations with its eyes plucked out and its eyeballs dripping with blood, in wail and lamentation—

“ Alas ! alas ! Ah me unfortunate !
Where in the world am I going to ?
Ah me ! oppressed with night unseen, untold,
Unwelcome ! ”

It has found new homes, and friends, and destinies in foreign lands. The dark clouds have

been lifted from it. It still has its nationality in thought, in genius, in aspiration, and in the ineradicable goodness and inexhaustible charity it inherits from of old. It loves the cross with the same love as of old:

“ We love the glorious standard
That gladdened Constantine,
We love the glorious standard
That paled the Moslem line,
We love the sacred emblem
The glad Heraclius held,
We love the sacred emblem
Clontarf long since beheld ;
Ah ! with the joyous feelings
Which, as the wild waves toss,
Poured o’er the heart of Helen,
We love the holy cross.”

It loves the shamrock, the emblem of the Trinity; it loves the harp, the symbol of its music and its misery; it loves the wolf-dog, the type of its daring; it loves the sunburst, the sequel of its glory; and it loves O’Neill’s and O’Donnell’s red-war-hand, the banner of its bravery.

What, then, do I say? I desiderate the solidarity of the Irish race. I wish that the scattered sons of Erin should be banded together wherever found, under whatsoever government, in whatsoever clime, and form a compact union of intelligence, wealth, and patriotism. Union is

strength, and from strength will spring greater and greater expansion, and from expansion, under union, will issue independence and freedom. I would like the Irish race to follow the example of the great German nation, which has been the prey of disunion for centuries, and whose poets and patriots have been sighing for solidarity for ages. They have at length attained it. I would thus, so to speak, Irishize their national war-song:

Up swells the Bann, the Irish sea—
Up swells the Irish wave ;
Suir runs to battle merrily,
And Shannon grasps the glaive.
Liffey and Barrow tarry not,
And Lee flows eager on ;
All old disunion is forgot—
The Irish race is one !

Again, I desiderate organization. Organization is not only strength, but effective and available strength. The study of organization, whether it be in church societies, or temperance societies, or political societies, will give the Irish race a knowledge they very much need. Every Irishman who knows nothing of organization, and is unwilling to be organized, is useless to his country. But in the hour of need, and when the proper time comes, and the bugle of the Irish or

Celtic race is heard, organized bodies easily and readily coalesce. Next, I desiderate an educated Irish race. Education and institutions make the man. No educated man can be a slave. Education gives meaning and purpose to unity and organization. Educate the Irish race, and it shall be free. Lastly, through all the relations of life, and in all countries where my race has the right, I desiderate an intelligent and independent use of the ballot. Education and the ballot are the eyes of an independent commonwealth. Unity and organization will give an independent Ireland; education and the ballot will preserve its life and make it everlasting.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE IRISH RACE ABROAD.



UPON the wide face of the earth there has been no nation more attached to the land of its forefathers than the Irish. From time immemorial they settled on the hills and plains and by the streams of Erin according to chieftainries, and clanships, and families. They loved their localities with a living and passionate love, down to their farms, and fields, and streams; their towns, and churches, and graveyards, and ruins. Migrations are uncommon in the annals of Ireland, unless where we read of some great social convulsion, as in the days of Cromwell and Sarsfield. In the early Christian ages of Ireland; travelling was a second nature of the Irish; but the Irish travellers were generally scholars, saints, or missionaries, intent upon some high social or religious purpose. At the beginning, however, of the present generation, the united forces of famine, pestilence, extermination, and oppression burst asunder the bar-

riers of Ireland, and sent the Celts, with drooping frames, and broken hearts, and blighted hopes, as exiles over oceans and continents. Who can tell the pent-up feelings of anguish, and the wild fury of despair, and the ineradicable feeling of vengeance that settled on the Irish race, as it hastened to the shore of Ireland to abandon for ever the hamlets of its fathers, and the chapels of its devotion, and the graves of its ancestors? What a fiery ordeal for the aged father and the saintly mother, for the brave son and the noble daughter, to sunder the memories of home, to be severed from the ties of one's native place, and to be borne away to a grave in an unknown and foreign land!

In the general upheaval of Irish society during the great exodus of our generation, a man's means determined, as a rule, the length of his voyage. Those who had money enough went to Australia; those who could not go to Australia came to the States or to Canada; those who could not come to America went to England; those who could not go to England went to Scotland or Wales. Wherever they went, they carried with them an intense hatred for England, an undying love of the Catholic faith, and an imperishable affection for old Ireland.

In England, Scotland, and Wales very few

Irishmen have made independent fortunes. They number millions, but, with the exception of building up a Catholic church, which is governed by a number of English converts, they have made little impression on Britain's national life. They seem to be largely indoctrinated with republican ideas, and to cherish sympathy with the English liberals. In that way they may yet be a very influential element, especially, in the large manufacturing towns.

In Canada and Australia the development of new countries has awakened the Irish spirit and given a wholesome impetus to Irish energy. Unaccustomed to manufactures in the old country, indifferent to learning trades, and never aroused by incentives to labor, the Irish, for the most part, looked for sustenance to agriculture and farming. Free lands, and, as in Australia, a favorable climate and encouraging legislation, have called forth all the talent and energy of Irishmen, and placed them, with glorious prospects, in happy homes.

The United States, however, have proved to be the Promised Land of the Irish race. The Irishman left the accursed flag of England, with all its stinging memories, behind him; and, as he enrolled himself under the banner of Columbia, a heavy weight was lifted from off his soul, and

his heart jumped for joy. He was born to an equality with the nations of the earth, and, in the dignity of his new nation, he felt himself a sovereign. Instead of the miseries of his native land and the melancholy scenes he had left behind him, he saw a bright and unbounded horizon expand before his gladdened eyes. Since the days of the Irish exodus to its present status in the United States, the Irish people have undergone long and arduous labors, untold hardships and sufferings ; but after many privations, calamities, and disasters, the night is nigh past, and the work of migration and settlement nigh accomplished. On the whole, it has been well done ; and I am glad to say that in religion, truthfulness, and patriotism the Irish-American generation is equal to its fathers, while in intelligence and manhood it surpasses them. The Irish hold a grand position in America to-day.

Mistakes have been made in the transplantation of the Irish race ; but the Irish came without leaders and without friends—a vast multitude of impoverished and uneducated exiles in a foreign land. Their notions of government schools in the old country did not allow them to avail themselves of the educational system to its full extent in the new land ; and the great want of spiritual directors in this wide country left them in an

unintelligible and most perplexing dilemma. The Irish, of course, through a want of knowledge, made a great mistake in not directing their attention to real estate. And this evil was aggravated by the paradoxical tenacity with which large agricultural populations settled down in and clung to large cities. Nor were the Irish benefited by their directors. At an early stage of emigration, when they were without the clergy, their traditional and natural leaders, they were taken hold of by the politicians. Whom in the world have politicians benefited? When or where were they not selfish and corrupt? How have they benefited, or rather how have they not degraded, the Irish race in America? The schools of the politicians have been the liquor-saloons; and, alas! who can tell the infamy, sorrows, demoralization, destitution, and degradation which noble-hearted Irishmen have garnered, as fatal fruits, in those lycea of national death? The Irish national press of America, instead of leading, was led by, the fatal current, and encouraged political partisanship to the detriment of intellectual independence. Things are changed now, and it is unnecessary to speak of what is known to all. Nor shall I find fault with the Irish race where I find so much to praise; because the whole body is lovely and beautiful, and its

freckles are scarcely perceptible. Besides the influences just mentioned, there is another far more powerful—the Catholic Church, whose formative elements in the United States I shall enquire into in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FORMATIVE ELEMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.



DO not purpose to write of the organism of the Catholic Church in the United States, nor of the worthy living prelates by whom it is governed, nor of its temporal standing or social and political relations. I shall rather state the active causes in the mental training of the United States Catholic Church, and the formative elements of its theological life. As the clergy is the teaching body of the laity, and the episcopacy moulds the clergy to its own likeness, I shall confine my attention to the deceased prelates of the Union, who, in future time, are destined to be revered as the fathers of the American Church. Their lives have been written by Mr. Clarke, and are published by Mr. O'Shea. Though there is a sameness in his description of characters, and an evident fear of entering into a critical examination of the dead, because they were bishops, though Mr. Clarke wants the power of individualizing

characters, and is defective in the faculty of investigation and communication; and though he seems to be somewhat biassed towards Southern bishops, his book is a useful collection of episcopal memoirs, and will repay perusal.

Young in years, but bold in energy, the Catholic Church has grown to be a power in the United States, and one of the most flourishing national churches in communion with the Holy See. It is a matter of deep interest to Americans, and especially to Irish-Americans, how the Catholic Church has grown so rapidly in this country, from what elements it has been moulded, and how it has attained its present form in thought and structure.

When the empire of the sea and the hegemony of Europe passed from the countries by the Tagus and the Danube to the lands of the Thames and the Seine, a new philosophy, new discoveries, new enterprise, and a new spirit of progress were given to the human race. After a long and doubtful contest between the descendants of the Normans and the Franks, a line was pretty clearly marked, whereby France was master on the Continent, and in its armies, civilization, and energy held the leadership of continental European nations. But England became mistress of the ocean, first in wealth, first in navy, first in colonies, and first

in transoceanic and transcontinental influences. Since the days of the Roman Empire, no nation welded so many millions of distinct nationalities together, and, though they differed in language, religion, and national aspirations, held them together beneath the same sceptre with a firmer grasp, than did the English people. The mind of France seemed to have grasped and nigh gained the North American continent, vast as it was. Two waves of French settlers rolled along the banks of the two great arteries of North America—the Mississippi and St. Lawrence—till they met in the vast prairie-lands of the Northwest. These settlers imported and planted on the banks of those streams and their feeders the names, the religion, the institutions, and the memories of Mother France. But the mastery of the sea gave the hegemony to England among European nations on the North American continent. The English language, English laws, English religion, and English authority were established on this soil, and the fond hope of France was dispelled. The religious influences of the early French settlers seem to have alone survived the disappearance of French authority. Three causes have concurred to contribute to this fact—first, the raising up and establishment of the United States as the asylum of the world;

next, the French Revolution, and ostracism of the French Roman Catholic clergy; next, the political and religious disabilities, and the consequent exodus, of the Celtic race in Ireland. A traditional friendship between the French and Irish nations, and a common religion, served to keep alive memories and institutions which were introduced by the early French settlers, and were destined to disappear, were it not for the influx of the Irish race. In her long life of tribulation and persecution Ireland became the pupil and protégée of France. Thus, it seems to me, arose on this continent a Franco-Irish-American hierarchy. Of the deceased prelates in the United States Catholic Church sixteen were born in Ireland—Concannen, Egan, Connolly, Kelly, England, Conwell, Kenrick, Clancy, Hughes, Quarter, Byrne, O'Reilly, Gartland, Smith, Barry, Barron; sixteen in France—Flaget, Cheverus, Dubourg, Maréchal, David, Dubois, Portier, Bruté, Blanc, Loras, Odin, Blazin, Cretin, Junker, Lavialle, Janson; thirteen in the States—Carroll, Neale, Fenwick, Fenwick, Eccleston, Myles, Clanche, Tyler, Reynolds, Fitzpatrick, Timon, Carroll, Young. Then, Lefevre, Vandevælde, and Neckere came from Flanders, Baraga from Illyrium, Rósati from Italy, Luers and Neu-

mann from Germany, Moreno from Mexico, and Whitfield from England.

Within the last century the Irish race built up seven hierarchies: one in Ireland, one in Britain, one in America, one in Canada, one in the Cape of Good Hope, one in India, one in Australasia. In speaking of building up a hierarchy in Ireland, we do not refer to the hierarchy of the ancient Irish church, nor to the controversy relative to apostolic succession in Elizabethan or Marian bishops; but we assume for granted the Irish hierarchy, priesthood and people, were decimated in ages of persecution, and had to be reconstructed. We do not speak of desecrated temples rebuilt, or confiscated cathedrals replaced; but we mean the moral and mental style of rebuilding the hierarchical edifice. Before the foundation and endowment of Maynooth, the moulding of Irish ecclesiastics was marked with a foreign brand. The Irish colleges at Paris, Rome, Louvain, Salamanca, and Coimbra, together with houses of religious orders in foreign countries and a few home institutions, such as those of Carlow, Kilkenny, and Tralee, were the sources whence Ireland was supplied with her hierarchy. Coming from foreign countries, and trained under different influences, the sympathies of the Irish clergy varied much; but

a common faith and common feelings of persecution attempered them to a common sympathy and inseparable union. The French ideas and customs prevailed. Delahogue in the infancy of Maynooth, and Maynooth training and teaching, afterwards made the Irish clergy Gallican rather than ultramontane. This was felt in all the offshoots of the Irish Church. Dr. O'Reilly, now a Jesuit, and Cardinal Cullen have in a great measure succeeded in modelling the Irish Church on the idea of the Italian, and especially the Roman, rather than the French. The harmonizing of the Gallican hierarchy, in France itself, with Rome has had a wonderful influence in the same direction. In England and Scotland the accession of learning, wealth, and influence to the Roman Catholic Church has given tone to the episcopacy, irrespective and, it might be said, in spite of an Irish priesthood and Irish congregations. The British Roman Catholic episcopacy, though it represents Irish constituencies, is aristocratic in principle, ultramontane in doctrine, and marked by a rigid High-Church inflexibility. Being led by neophytes, it has a tendency to push the divine too far into the human element of the church, and, having left what it considers the bondage of change, it is in danger of setting up the mutable as unchangeable. The Irish hierar-

chy as led by Cardinal Cullen, and the British hierarchy as led by Wiseman, agree in being thoroughly ultramontane; but Cardinal Cullen would stand on the toes of Ireland to suit Rome, whereas Wiseman would inconvenience Rome to convert England. Cardinal Cullen, however, loves the Irish people after Rome; whereas Manning respects and Wiseman loved British aristocratic ideas, privileged orders, and social alienations. Of course, the body of Roman Catholics in Australasia are Irish or of Irish descent, but they may thank the influence of Cardinal Cullen at Rome that Cardinal Wiseman did not commission to them a body of high-toned, aristocracy-loving, newly consecrated English converts. In East India the influence of the Portuguese court recalled the Irish hierarchy, and left East Indian Catholics with promises unredeemed, hopes unfulfilled, and hierarchy lost. The powerful influence of Cardinal Cullen at Rome has placed the nucleus of an Irish hierarchy in Southern Africa. In fact, his power at Rome seems to have been co-extensive with the confines of the British Empire, and to his credit be it said that he has sent Irishmen throughout the world to Irishmen.

Now, let us leave Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica, and direct our attention to North

America. It is impossible to deny that the Roman Catholic Church is tinged in its human element with the genius of the nation and race where it may exist. The triumph of the States in the war of the Revolution gave birth to an American national spirit, which has been growing towards the fulness of manhood down to our day. Canada, either through fear, or want of pluck, or apathy, held on to foreign rule and influences as a child at a mother's apron, and is still in the nursery. Whether it be the spirit of the country, or the genius of nationality, or the work of grace, it is certain that the Roman Catholic Church has more than kept pace with the giant strides of the United States, and has far outrun her Canadian sister. Though the elements of colonization, the favors of secular authority, and the tide of events seem to have been on the side of the Canadian Catholic Church, she looks dwarfish and insignificant side by side with that of the United States. Of all the hierarchies which have been founded or are sustained by the scattered Celtic race, that of the United States is the most important and imposing. On this side of the ocean, and, in fact, outside of Europe, there is nothing in communion with the Roman See like the Catholic Church of the United States. And already this young giant of the western

world has entered the lists with national churches whose age is counted by centuries to the decades of its own life. It stands foremost among the offshoots of the Saxon, or Latin, or Celtic races. Outstripping the land of Montezuma and the spiritual offspring of Portugal on the South American continent, it is greater than the Church of St. Patrick or the Church of St. Augustine, and looks Franco, and Italy, and Austria, and Spain face to face, with higher hopes, more peaceful prospects, and brighter destiny. In mind it is peculiar, in convictions inflexible, and in luck, pluck, and perseverance foremost. It somehow breathes and is quickened by the matter-of-fact, everyday go-aheadism of the United States. Its faith partakes more of the rational than of the blind, and its actions are led more by the necessities of the hour and circumstances than by reference to the usages of dead forms of society. The Catholic Church among the Latin races round about the Mediterranean Sea seems to love the synthetic discipline of Mongolian nations; the Catholic Church among Celtic and Teutonic nations is leavened with the spirit of modern analysis; the Catholic Church in the United States inclines to theories of eclecticism. I do not speak of what Roman Catholics hold as the divine element of Catholicism; but in the

human element we notice among the Latin races a hankering after the old Roman constitution, with its emperors, and prefects, and prætors; among the Germans and Celts, a tendency towards franchise and election; among Americans, a love of what is best, wheresoever found.

Which are the nations that have contributed to build up the church in the United States? As to numbers, it is founded on Ireland; as to thought, it is founded on France; as to action and policy, it is founded on America. To every one it is evident that the sweat, devotion, and dollars of the Irish have built up the churches, institutions, and religious homes of the Union; but as the religious mind of Ireland was developed and directed by that of France through the infancy and early years of the youth of the American Church, the mind of France migrated to America by two lines—indirectly through Ireland, and directly from France. But when that mind, either unalloyed from France or colored in its flow through a Celtic channel, reached America, and mingled with the mind of America, it was further modified. Bishop Bruté, in our judgment, is the best representative of the religious mind of America in its original form; Bishop England, of that mind with its Celtic tinge; Bishop Carroll, of the same with its American color

ing; Bishop Hughes was a living embodiment of the excellences of the three. The three were men of great learning, of genuine and unaffected piety, of indefatigable and insurmountable zeal and prudence. Bishop Bruté was an ardent lover of the *grande nation*, Bishop England was a fiery friend of Ireland, and Bishop Carroll was a Revolutionary Washingtonian patriot. But Bishop Bruté's conduct was regulated by the rules of ecclesiasticism, Bishop England's by the daring and aggressive spirit of his race, Bishop Carroll's by the sagacity of his nation and the wisdom of his renowned order. In intellect we must drop Bishop Carroll, and substitute his successor, Bishop Spalding. Then, the light from Bishop Bruté's mind was always constant and pleasing, that from England's bright and at times dazzling, that from Spalding's artificial and not repulsive. Whoever gazed at Bruté's mind saw the moon in a clear sky; whoever saw the soul of England beheld the sun at noon-day; Spalding's mind was a hall brilliantly lit up. But what was Archbishop Hughes? What Archbishop Kenrick? Kenrick was a man of learning; Hughes a man of learning and action. As far as Kenrick was a teacher, and as far as Hughes was a legislator, they may be called fathers of the American Church. After all, Hughes is the great

man. When England disappeared in the southern heavens, Hughes rose like the polar star in the northern sky, to remain evermore as the ever-visible angel of the American Church. He was an England in intellect, energy, and patriotism ; a Carroll in Americanism ; and a Bruté in learning and Catholicity. He should be looked up to by American Catholics as the great man who first brought their church from obscurity to mid-day light in this country, and founded it upon the rock of justice, truth, and humanity, as moulded, according to American institutions, by the American mind.

Such are the great men among the American deceased prelates. As to piety we judge not. They have stood before the judgment-seat of a higher tribunal. We stand upon their graves, and wish their spirits peace. They witnessed days of trial and sectarian bitterness that tried the souls of men ; they were respected by all nationalities, creeds, and political parties. Of the system which they founded we merely say that they planted and left the cultivation to their successors.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE AMERICAN.



HERE has scarcely been a nation in the history of the world which has in so short a time developed so marked and unmistakable nationality as the people of the United States. It is Asiatic in its conceptions of the grand and the great, while it is European in its practical, empirical life. Thither has been gathered the aggregate of all national excellences. The laws of eclecticism, which made old Rome the mountain-power of antiquity, are working with a fivefold force in this country, untrammelled by the debasing and degrading influences of caste, slavery, and despotism. In the whole records of the human race the manhood of the individual has made the manhood of the nation, the liberty and energy of the individual have communicated vitality, force, and independence to the race; and in no country of which there are extant documents do we find a nobler, freer, and more magnificent destiny for a man or a race.

The United States is a great menagery of nations and races; a great battle-field in the peaceful ways of life, where power, preference, and fame are the common property of all, without distinction of race, creed, or country. The original element of this country is sadly following the sun in its course to bury the bones of its remnants on the shores of the Pacific. The founders of this nation, though they have retained the common law, and in a great measure the institutions, of Britain, have come from Scotico-Celtic origin, and leavened the whole mass with its distinguishing characteristics. The shrewdness, the versatility, the quickness, the mathematical accuracy, the thriftiness, the tenaciousness, and the ingenuity of the Scotchman and North-of-Ireland man, are eminently conspicuous in the Yankee; but he in no wise manifests the gruffness and haughtiness of the Englishman, though he surpasses him in candor, generosity, and truthfulness.

There are here, besides, two great races—the German and the Irish. As far as the American is concerned, the Irishman has certainly the advantage. New England is fast becoming Hibernian, whereas the Teutonic element, being excluded down East, is founding its homes in the far West. Even in the West the pioneer is

generally an American or Irishman, but the German follows at a safe distance, and, to give all parties full due, manages to hold his position very well by means of parsimony, self-abnegation, and cunning. There is a great future in America before the Irish and the Germans. The Germans may seem to prevail because the Irish are more quickly absorbed in the great republican population and marked as a race principally by their religion. Their religion, however, does not count for a straw with the American mind, and their success or failure will depend on their temperance, uprightness, industry, and patriotism. There is a deep debt of gratitude in the American mind for the many lives which the Irish race has sacrificed to establish this country, to maintain it in its wars, and especially for the oceans of blood it has poured out to preserve this Union. I cannot close this chapter with more instructive remarks than I find in the sermon of an eminent, tried, and patriotic Catholic priest on the surrender of Lee. As time rolls on, they will be justified more and more. He said :

“ I wish to-day to say a few words to you, and through you to the people of the United States, and also a few words of myself.

“It is the evidence of noble natures to look calmly at events, and to act dispassionately and justly at all times and in all circumstances. The victors and the vanquished may equally manifest the power of intelligence and reason and the beauty of heroic virtue—the one by submitting to the inevitable without servility, and bearing up against disaster without despondence, and the other by acting justly and without violence, and using their advantages only for the general good. I have every confidence in the intelligence, practical common sense, and great goodness of the American people; and the reason why I have this confidence, in which I shall not be disappointed, is, that they have pitched aside the old theories of peoples and nations, and have adopted broader, nobler, and juster views of the rights and duties of mankind.

“Guided by these views, they will not act wrongly nor unjustly toward any portion of their own people, nor towards mankind in general, and the world at large will come to respect them and fear to inflict injury upon them. The nation, as well as the individual, will be despised or hated that has not a just respect for the rights of others, as well as a proper regard for its own rights. I will even say that it cannot have a proper regard for its own rights, if it has not a just respect for

the rights of others. You ought to reflect and ask yourselves why it is that some people are despised, and their rights not respected as they ought to be. It is, I assure you, a very interesting, and for you an important, question. May it not be that you have not manifested among mankind a proper regard for your own rights, because you had not a just respect for the rights of others? But let that dark and disagreeable problem disappear before the light of to-day's vision. I see to-day the greatest future for America that any people ever dreamed of, because the rights and liberty of all are now firmly secured throughout its wide domain, and its influence and example must sooner or later cause the triple curse of mankind, slavery, caste, and aristocracy, to disappear from the earth. Ignorance and prejudice, the child of ignorance, have brought innumerable woes upon mankind. But they and a long train of legalized oppression must disappear before the spread of intelligence. The greatest enemy mankind has or ever has had is ignorance. From it are begotten prejudice, bigotry, intolerance, persecution, and tyranny, and the innumerable woes of want and suffering.

“There is still a large class in the world instinctively pursuing the way of suppressing knowledge, because they are selfishly interested in

maintaining their own supremacy by the ignorance and degradation of the masses. 'The slave must be kept ignorant, because the security of the master requires it,' is still the motto of a larger number than is supposed. There are thousands who, though they dare not avow themselves the enemies of intelligence, yet fear it, and are its deadly enemies. But in future the conviction that a high order of intelligence is necessary to know one's own rights and the means for preserving them, as well as to feel one's own wants and wrongs, and to select the means of supplying and redressing them, will spread and become irresistible.

"That state must be founded on a wrong basis and governed by vicious principles which fears intelligence, and practically insists on the ignorance of the people as necessary for its existence. It builds camps and barracks instead of school-houses. It takes pride in what it ought to be ashamed of, and is ashamed and afraid of what ought to be its noblest pride. It provides well-trained officers for standing armies, and makes the toiling millions pay for them, whilst they are left without well-educated schoolmasters to supply that intelligence which would ultimately relieve them from their oppression and poverty. And that religion also must have a

wrong idea of God, as well as of man, which dreads intelligence, or regards it as inimical to God's government or the best interests of man. Selfishness and the love of domination must have taken firm possession of any religion which considers ignorance necessary for the interest of either God or man. God is intelligence and the author of it, and ignorance that can and ought to be removed should be considered a crime by religion. Can it be possible that the ministers of the Christian religion have forgotten that the author of Christianity never made a promise to ignorance, except to teach and enlighten it, whilst he has made many promises to nearly every kind of human infirmity? And now I beseech you to love liberty and to love intelligence, and try to extend these blessings to every member of the human family. Hate tyranny, oppression, wrong, and slavery, but above all hate ignorance, the fruitful parent of wrong to the human family.

“Now, a word with regard to myself. I believe there is a providence of God respecting these United States, which is to me very striking and special. This with me is such a strong conviction that, like faith, it has guided me firm and unwavering during the storms and trials of the past. During the last four years, I found that friends became cold and unkind, and acquaintances

reserved, and some of them even bitter, towards me. People made fun at my expense, and even called me hard names in my presence. Their peculiar Christianity baptized me with such epithets as Black Republican and Miscegenationist, because I believed that a man ought to own himself, and ought to have a wife and family without the permission of a master.

“I bore it all, if not with the patience of a saint, at least with the indifference of a stoic. I knew that I was right, and that those who differ from me would be converted, if not by grace, at least by the progress of the age. I felt that ignorance and prejudice could not last for ever; I knew that the hard logic of events would break through the thickest skull, and convince those who would be deaf to truth, reason, and the pleadings of the finest feelings of our nature.

“I was right in all my calculations. I find now that all are coming up to where I stood years ago, without claiming any foresight except what truth and honesty give. I have predicted pretty clearly nearly all that has happened, even to the failure of parties and organizations, and I gave the reasons why they would fail.

“And now, after years of struggle and sore trial, you cannot imagine the sweet pleasure and the full, calm satisfaction that I have lately enjoyed.

Oh ! to feel that I had been true when the trusted failed ; to be conscious that I had been friendly in the hour of trial, when the worth of a friend can only be appreciated ; to know that I have been faithful when friends betrayed ; to feel that, amidst the ruin of plighted faith and the wreck of broken oaths, I remained undaunted, unshaken, and sincerely loyal, is a happiness worth possessing, and for which a man should toil.

“ And now, having gone through an ordeal which I did not seek nor desire, but which was forced upon us, and which tried our manhood and our worth, I pray God that I may never be subjected to such another trial. If, however, the selfishness and injustice of man should ever again force us to battle for truth, right, and justice, and the best interests of mankind, I feel that my loyalty in the future would be what it has been in the past. I know that, if I proved traitor, I could not respect myself, nor could I hold up my head like a man before the tribunal of the Author and Judge of all right, truth, and justice. It is a great mistake to suppose that loyalty to the supernatural is all that is required of us, and that we may with impunity trample upon natural right and justice. . . . It is pleasant to know that liberty is the right of all men, and it is useful to know that it will ever find

true friends and brave defenders among all races, as well as cowardly traitors and bitter foes among all nations and all religions. And now, if we have done well in the past, let us be calm and considerate, and let us cherish no desire to harm any human being. If we have acted badly, let us be sorry, and resolve to do better for the future, and then there will be well-grounded hope for the church as well as for the state, and for the individual as well as for mankind."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DESTINY OF AMERICA.



HERE is something vague and pagan about the word *destiny*; but the workings of Providence, by a kind of necessity, seem to hold up high and grand aims before the United States, which *par excellence* we call America. There are other nations in America, such as Brazil and Canada, to which nature has given boundless territory, vast water facilities, and incalculable natural resources; but, by some inexplicable fatality, Providence has not stamped their names with that mysterious word, destiny. By a regular, unabated progression, the mind of this country is marching to an undefined greatness, and its material power and wealth are expanding with an infinite development, and the population is multiplying with an undiminished increase in the fulfilment of its destiny. Other nations, witnessing the surpassing growth and the rising facilities of expansion in the United States, are somehow drawn unconsciously into an acknowledgment of destiny, and are captivated by that of this country.

It is impossible for any one to obtain a true idea of the vastness of this country by reading ; one must travel through the United States to have a living knowledge of its greatness, to feel its boundless amplitude. The features of our country are not marred with vast oceans of sand like those of Africa, nor with barren and uninhabitable plateaus like those of Asia, nor with ice-bound rivers, snow-covered steppes, and bleak Arctic wastes like those of Siberia and Canada, but its surface stretches along the line of the temperate zone, and throughout the length and breadth of its mighty domain is laid out by the hand of nature for cities, towns, highways, railways, and the habitation of man. The river system of the United States imparts to it a living energy and quickens its animation, just as the healthy pulse of blood in circulation through human arteries invigorates the human frame. Its vast plains and enormously grand mountains contain inexhaustible supplies of coal and endless stores of mineral wealth. The engineer finds ample scope for his most sublime conceptions, and the wildest dreams of surveyors are more than realized in the grand realities of the United States. Year by year Territories grow into States, before whose power, wealth, and extent the glories of the conquered provinces of Rome, Persia,

and Babylonia are cast into the shade. And over these vast realms nature has spread with lavish luxuriance all varieties of soil, vegetation, and produce, and all diversities of climate, from the bracing cold of the North to the sunny influences of the South, and from the varying thermometer of the Atlantic coast to the equable temperature of the Pacific seaboard.

Washed by oceans and bounded by zones, America holds the central and commanding position of the world. It is connected with Europe by innumerable ties of blood, of race, of nationality, of language, of institutions, and of historic traditions. It is not fettered with the chain-ball of prejudice, nor narrowed to the pathways of any nation. Its long eastern coast-line confronts the western coast-lines of the three continents of the Old World, and the magnificent shores of California and Oregon are spread out before the nations of the Orient, face to face. The four winds of heaven waft the outcast and the oppressed from all the nationalities of the world to its hospitable shores. America is the home and asylum of the human race, the promised land of the wanderer, the stronghold of the persecuted, the resting-place and fatherland of the exile. Here there is solace for the broken-hearted patriot, there is food for the hungry, there is

labor for the idle, there is education for the ignorant, there is security from the tyrant, there is toleration from persecution, there is wealth for the industrious, there is hope for the downcast, and there is preferment for the worthy. The eyes of the world are turned toward America, for she has become the mistress of two oceans and the resting-place in the grand highway of the transoceanic, transcontinental route between the nations of Europe and the vast lands of Polynesia and Eastern Asia with its multitudinous millions. To Europe America sends her lessons of peace, humanity, and toleration, and on Asia she reflects the light of our age, and race, and civilization. Is not this destiny?

One of the grandest ideas interwoven with American destiny is the cosmopolitan character with which its institutions are impregnated. Had America been shackled with the narrow notions of European nationality, had she been manacled with the caste doctrines of Asia, had she been encumbered with the weight of an established church, or had she been bandaged with the political, social, national, or religious prejudices of the Old World, she would never have manifested the healthy, vigorous, consistent, and gigantic development to which one century of national life has given birth. And as time

rolls on, it is her destiny to influence more and more the destinies of other nations. Hence we do not marvel that sects have endeavored to graft their religious tenets in her Constitution; but the genius of the American nation, which accords a hearing and liberty to all religions, which is opposed to intoleration, and will never permit persecution, has always excluded and will never sanction such a consummation.

There are two, and only two, constitutions which can harmoniously move side by side in this country—the constitution of the Catholic Church and the Constitution of the United States. They lie parallel, like the rails on a track, and over them the American nationality can travel with train speed. Neither was made for nationality, race, or language; each spreads its broad ægis over all nationalities, races, and languages. There is no human being, no matter from what clime, no matter by what oppression he may have been overladen, no matter what his antecedents, who may not enter the broad door of the Catholic temple and the wide gates of American nationality with full and unquestioned rights to participate in their spiritual and temporal treasures. Before the laws of the United States and before the altar of the Catholic Church there is genuine republican democracy and

perfect equality of the human family without distinction of race, language, nation, government, class, or caste. The same cosmopolitan aspirations, the same high and noble conceptions of the human race, the same sublime disregard of persons, the same solicitude for the outcast and oppressed, the same holy and unswerving resolve to elevate, and ennoble, and civilize the human race, permeate the doctrines of the Catholic Church and the laws of the United States. Is there no kind of destiny in this?

Anyhow, the Irish race is bound up with the destiny of America, and, like a tributary of a great river, is rolled along with it in its course. The destiny of the Irish race is also interwoven with that of the Catholic Church, and has grown out of it as a branch from the trunk of a tree. Thus the Irish race is a connecting link between the great church of ages and the great and rising nation of the world. Could anything be higher or more momentous than this twofold destiny of Ireland, than this twofold mission of the Irish race? Rejoicing in the grandeur of her destiny, America marches on to be the great nation of the future. Sustained by the power and promises of her Founder, the Catholic Church will remain as the church of ages. The success or failure—that is, the destiny—of the Irish race will depend on

its intelligence, education, and moral worth. The destiny of the Catholic Church is divinely guaranteed, and all human circumstances seem to foreshadow a grand and unparalleled destiny for the United States

CHAPTER XXXI.

EDUCATION AMONG RACES.



OF all the ages from the foundation of the world to our day, the ages of Pericles in Greece, of Augustus in Rome, and of Louis XIV. in France, are marked as *the* ages of civilization. Whether the nineteenth century, with its inventions, its progress, its open and unrelaxed efforts in the path of développement, is to be numbered as a co-equal with those mentioned, must be left to the arbitrament of generations that are to come. One thing is certain, that its success or failure, its superiority or inferiority, depends on education. What is education? In all the departments of life, let the knowledge be empirical or inductive; in all the phases of society, let the truths be of a religious or political complexion, education holds a common, unquestionable, and direct sway. The term education is co-extensive with the term knowledge. Is knowledge the offspring of experiments through the senses? It is subject to education. Is knowledge the result of truths stamped by the Creator on the mind

at its creation, inborn in the mind, but not of the mind? It is subject to education. Is knowledge a light from on high, foreshadowed, to be sure, by the light of reason, but unseen and untouched, whether by observation or development? It is subject to education. In religion and politics, in science and arts, in business and life, education displays an unquestionable energy and vitality. Though education is not strictly an art, it deals with all subjects that are known by the name of art; though education is not purely a science, within its domain are all branches of knowledge to which the word science can be applied. In fact, education may be styled the art of arts and the science of sciences.

Now, as man differs from man, so nation differs from nation. There is such a thing as a national will, a national intellect, a national memory, and a national imagination. Hence there is such a thing as a national education. Is there not a national memory? Is there not in the Irish nation the memory of its wrongs, and of its sorrows, and of its tribulations through hundreds and hundreds of years? Is there not a national intellect and judgment? Did not the judgment of the French nation call the First Napoleon to the imperial purple, and did not the judgment of the same French nation set aside the Third

Napoleon? Is there not a national imagination? Have not the Cossack and the Slave been dreaming of universal empire for ages? Is there not a national will? Did not the people of the North, at incredible loss of money and of blood, preserve the life of the Union? But as with individuals, so with nations. In some the memory, in some the intellect, in some the will, in some the imagination, preponderates. The Italian is remarkable for memory. This is seen in the *improvisatori*. The laws and educational system of Italy for over a thousand years tend to the same result. You can find Italian *contadini* able to explain the Theodosian Code and unable to write or even to read. They learn by means of lectures, sermons, *conversazioni*, and the like. Italy is no less remarkable for its voluminous writers—in history, canon law, theology, biography, and subjects of the same class—than it is for its poets, painters, sculptors, and architects. Italy is emphatically the land of memory and imagination. Its laws, its institutions, its customs, and its methods of education have, through over a thousand years, developed the memory and imagination rather than the judgment and the will. This may explain the exclamation of Byron:

"Italia, O Italia ! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame."

And again :

"O Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphan's heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires !
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The Niobe of nations, there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe."

The Teutonic race, whether German or Saxon, is as decidedly marked by the prevalence of judgment and will as the Italian is by that of the memory and imagination. Hence the German race is cold, stolid, obstinate, and inflexible. It has been studying the leading minds of ancient Greece and Rome for centuries in its many universities, colleges, and schools. Its scholars are critical rather than imaginative, and imitative rather than original. Even when original, there is a haze of mysticism and metaphysical obscurity overshadowing their most prized and beautiful productions. They overabound in the faculty of investigation, and are wanting in the faculty of communication. The Germans are a patient and persevering people, and have long been the prey of disunion and the tools of petty princes. It

may be the cold, leaden lethargy of their literature will be relieved and inspired by an animus and national afflatus, now that the German can sing—

Up swells the Belt, the Baltic sea—
Up swells the German wave ;
Elbe runs to battle merrily,
And Oder grasps the glaive ;
Neckar and Weser tarry not,
And Main flows eager on :
All old disunion is forgot—
The German race is one !

What shall we say of the French, that impulsive, mercurial, and restless nation, which is ever pulsating as the waves of the sea? The Franks appear to have retained some of the characteristics of their forefathers beyond the Rhine, which have been in part eliminated and deeply colored with the traits of the Latin races. The French mind loves order, symmetry, numbers, is noted for quickness and general correctness of judgment, while it is behind the Italian mind in works of imagery and memory. There is a variety and versatility about the French mind that reminds one of the ring, and swell and change of the Homeric hexameter. The Italian mind is generally opened and educated by the study of logic, history, and religion. The Teutonic mind is developed and polished by studying the beauties of

ancient classic writers. The French mind usually opens to the idea of order and numbers. It delights in figures and symmetry, and one can find the idea of order underlying even its works of passion and imagination. But before these races settled down in Europe, and manifested a developed national mind, before the Italians saw the Tiber and the Po, before the Teutons saw the Oder, and the Rhine, and the Thames, before the Franks beheld the Rhone and the Loire, a wave of the human family passed westward, and poured over the ocean-girded lands of Caledon and Ireland. The face of its mind is marked and peculiar. Why? Because it bears on it the types from which later races seem to have taken their distinguishing traits. In one wing of the Celtic race—the Caledonian—there is the judgment and will of the Teuton; in the other—the Hibernian—there is the memory and imaginative-ness of the Italian; while the characteristics of the French mind abound in both wings. There is to-day a surprising power of modification, of imitation, and of adaptability in the descendants of the Celtic race. There is no people who can change with so much ease in so short a time, and follow such varied avocations. In works of the judgment, of the memory, of the imagination, the genius of the Celtic race is a rival of the

proud genius of Greece or the master-minds of Rome. Coeval with the genius of Israel or the disciples of Zoroaster, the Celtic genius still lives in its youth, and is replete with energy and vitality.

And now, let us cast a glance at education and civilization marching down the unreturning centuries of the past. Born in distant ages, in the lands of the East, the queen of wisdom and civilization established her empire by the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates. As generations passed away, civilization marched towards the setting sun. In the isles and on the mainland of Greece she reached the zenith of her glory. The mind of Greece has animated, inspirited, and directed the brains of the human race. The Homer of Greece is the Homer of to-day; the Demosthenes of Greece is the Demosthenes of to-day; and the great Stagirite and the divine Plato run down through time with undiminished lustre. Greece shines among the civilized nations of the past as the sun amid the heavenly bodies. But when the glory of Greece paled away, and the liberty of that enlightened land went down before the iron and remorseless tramp of Roman legions, and the trophies of her proud cities were drawn in triumph up the capitol, civilization set her throne on the seven hills by the Tiber.

Thence she shed her light over the nations of the Western world. The Italian, the Teuton, the Frank, and the Celt received enlightenment from a new Rome that arose on the ruins of the old. Drinking at the fountains of the mighty minds of Greece and Rome, and illumined by a brighter and more resplendent light from on high, and animated by the spirit of liberty, they went forth to win more unfading laurels than either Greek or Roman, and to found a civilization that was to last for ever. The effeminate people of Asia bowed before the new lords of the human race, the ignorant sons of Africa fled to deserts and forests, and the enlightened and educated nations of Western Europe have remained masters and dictators of the nations. Yea, more ! in the march of education and civilization, matter has been subjected to mind, space has been almost annihilated, fire and water, and air and earth, have become subject to man, new and subtle fluids have been discovered and utilized, and the world beholds to-day an education, an enlightenment, a liberty, and an elevation unknown to the haughty ones of Greece or Rome.

Let us turn once more our eyes on this our common country. Nature has spread out our vast prairie-lands like the surface of the ocean, and rolls through them our mighty rivers with

force greater than the flow of the Atlantic by the Pillars of Hercules, or the roll of the Mediterranean Sea through the Bosphorus, and has lifted up our mountains miles beyond the thrones of the Olympian gods. The expansions of our rivers compete in area with the surface of the central sea. Our States are greater in size and in wealth than the dependencies of haughty Rome. Hither has come what is excellent, what is great, what is ennobling in the education and civilization of Italy, of Germany and England, of France and Ireland, and Spain and Scotland. Under a free and unconquerable banner, wealth, power, and preferment are open to all. This is an amphitheatre for the championship of all nations. Here there is no prejudice, no inequality, except what is born of mind, morals, and muscle; no tyrant to tread down the poor man. We welcome among us the importers of the excellences of all nations. We delight in the eclectic system. Already our railroads bind the continent from ocean to ocean; over the broad surface of our land are universities, colleges, high-schools, institutes, lecture-halls, and all the means and guarantees for the diffusion of light, and learning, and knowledge, from the shores of Maine to the Golden Horn, from the Lakes to the Gulf. May we yet see the concentrated glories of our parent countries shine over

this new and virgin land, this young and mighty nation, radiant with hope in the morning of her days, and impregnated with the greatness of her destiny! May we see American Tassos, and Ariostos, and Dantes, and Metastasios; Raphaels, and Michael Angelos, and Brabantes; Baroniuses and Cantús, the rivals of the Italians; Schillers, and Goethes, and Leibnitzs, and Rosenmullers, Miltons, and Shakespeares, and Newtons, the equals of the Teutons; Bossuets, and Rousseaus, and Noël's, the brothers of the Franks; Burkes, and Currans, and Grattans, Moores, Wattses, Scotts, and Burnses, to reflect in this new world the glories of the old Celtic race. Men of Ireland, proud sons of proud Scotia, remember the glories of your ancestors, and the high and momentous destiny that awaits you here on this continent, where all nations are contending for the foremost rank! True to the instincts and traditions of the past, faithful to the laws and institutions of this country, kind to each other, and encouraging to all, press forward in the battle of life to the goal of victory.

CHAPTER XXXII.

COMPARATIVE SURVEY OF NATIONS—BROTHERHOOD OF RACES.



THE spirit of travel, the spirit of curiosity, and the spirit of enquiry are very closely allied, and are found side by side with the love of self-preservation, the love of self-perpetuation, the love of truth, and the love of power. The desire to know ourselves leads to a wish to know the beings that are like ourselves, and hence there is a natural tendency which is gratified by ethnological investigations, and intensifies the spirit of enquiry through all researches on humankind. It is pleasing to travel in spirit over the broad and unfailing empire of the human family, and to examine the strange things of distant or forgotten races, and to enquire into the causes which have regulated national life; but it is more pleasing in connection with mankind to develop the spirit of philanthropy, humanity, and brotherhood; to trace the handiwork of God through ages and nations; to be guided by the

light of the face of the Lord, which unfailingly shines on the soul of man ; and to recognize as one's brother the image of God, without interposing the barriers of creed, caste, class, ages, languages, nationality, or government. And in travelling over the field of investigation which we have chosen, we might have remarked that the light of God, though it might have been obscured, was never changed into utter darkness, and, though human nature might have been corrupted, the glory of the human heart was never extinguished. Where the nobility of man was degraded, and the aspirations of the human soul were smothered, the work of ruin and desolation on the human spirit came not from the Father of benevolence on high, with whom is every good and perfect gift, but was executed by the hands of man, and was conceived by individuals or races in a spirit of despotism, selfishness, or inhumanity.

We have been in spirit among nations away back in history and in the far-distant lands of Western Asia, and we saw that the degradation of the Assyrian, the Babylonian, and the Persian arose from the tyranny and heartless cruelty of inhuman rulers ; that with all their savagery, the Scythians were the brain-seeds of European nations ; and that with all their stubbornness and

hard-heartedness, the Jews were the custodians of revealed truth for the human race. The bright electric light of Grecian culture and intelligence, and the rays of Roman common sense, which shone like a luminary, were obscured by the black spots of slavery, rapacity, idolatry, and inhumanity. The noble valor of the ancient Teuton and the blunt, honest Saxon was stained by his cold-blooded cruelty; the sublime sacrifice of the Mohammedan Arab was tarnished by his fatalism and slavish subjection; and the Northman's superhuman valor and utter disregard of life were buried and forgotten in the dark grave of his inhuman practices and fiendish revenge. The refinement and intelligence of Byzantium were melted away in the emollient indolence and enervating sensualism of Asiatic customs, and the noble aspirations of the mediæval Italian republics were stifled in the widespread chaos of a rising society. And in modern times the fairest features of nations are marred with the unsightly scars of selfishness, greed, despotism, cruelty, and injustice. Germany, through her history from the days of the Teutonic knights and the time of Brandenburg, has been branded with the foul mark of despotic feudalism. The Italians have been stained with endless anarchy and intrigue; the English have been blackened with selfishness,

greed, and cruelty ; and Spain has been a land of blood, black deeds, and treachery. With all their vagaries and whimsicalities, the idea of principle shines above all the shortcomings of the French ; and though they have been an endless source of disarrangement to the pendulum which regulates the balance of power in Europe, their restlessness has detracted very little from their nobility of character and sublime devotion to the doctrine of principle. Other nationalities outside the great Cossack Empire have been wafted to and fro by the stronger currents of the European races just mentioned ; and when we turn our eyes on modern Asia, we find there are dark recesses among its hundreds of millions of population where scarce a ray ever enters of the light which is reflected in the pages of the Zend Avesta, the Vedas, the Koran, or the writings of Confucius and Lao-tse. Those dark, dark recesses are the homes almost exclusively of the female sex. In arid, impenetrable, and inhospitable Africa, the openings for God's light to the soul of man are like the vistas in the black forests of its darkest jungles. Away in distant Polynesia, the silence of the cannibal conscience is like the still, dead calm of the great ocean around his coral islands.

But with all the weaknesses of the human heart and aberrations of the human mind, we find the

fires of human conscience evermore smoldering, and the instincts of nature bursting forth, and hopes and feelings whose tendencies, like certain gaseous fluids, are ever upwards. Where we find failings, we should condone; and where we find excellences, we should praise. I confess that I turn with pride from a comparative survey of nations to the dear old Celtic race, that I can admire it in its Druidical simplicity and sublimity, and that I can love it in its pure Christian beauty and brightness. I confess that the hands of Ireland have been stained with the blood of its brothers, and have likewise worked foul deeds under the dictation of foreign masters; but the soul of Ireland was ever open to grace and brotherhood, and the heart of Ireland was ever susceptible of the highest instincts of justice and humanity, and the intellect of Ireland ever shone like a luminary when reflecting the light of civilization and Christianity. I can mourn with Ireland in her sorrows and tribulations; I can grow angry with her in her feelings of vengeance; I can weep with her amid her ruins and desolations; I can rise with her from the abyss of despair, hope with her in her hopes, joy with her in her joys, glory with her in her glories, and love with her in the universal and inexhaustible charity of her brotherhood.

And now, gentle reader, I shall bid you fare-

well. We have made a long voyage through ages, and we have performed a tedious journey, accompanied with many investigations, through the nations of the earth round about the globe. If I have been just to my race and my kind; if I have treated all nations with the judgment of truth and the feelings of brotherhood, and if you give testimony that it has been my desire to bear witness to truth, justice, intelligence, religion, and humanity; then, kind companion, before we part, I shall constitute you heir to the results of my investigations, namely:

That (*a*) all races under the sun have excellences;

That (*b*) their defects are for the most part ascribable to circumstances and causes beyond their control;

That (*c*) the Celtic race, though it has its defects, is inferior to no other in its excellences;

That (*d*) having singular advantages in America, it will rise to a higher standard;

That (*e*) the eclecticism, freedom, education, and destiny of America converge to make it the most outshining political structure which mankind has ever seen;

That (*f*) the brotherhood of races is fully recognized in this country and the Catholic Church;

That (*g*) the combined influences of the republican system in the United States, and of the Christian republic in the Catholic Church, give independence to individuals and races, truth and enlightenment to human minds, goodness and grace to human wills, and elevation, refinement, and manhood to the human spirit and character.

SKETCHES

OF

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BY

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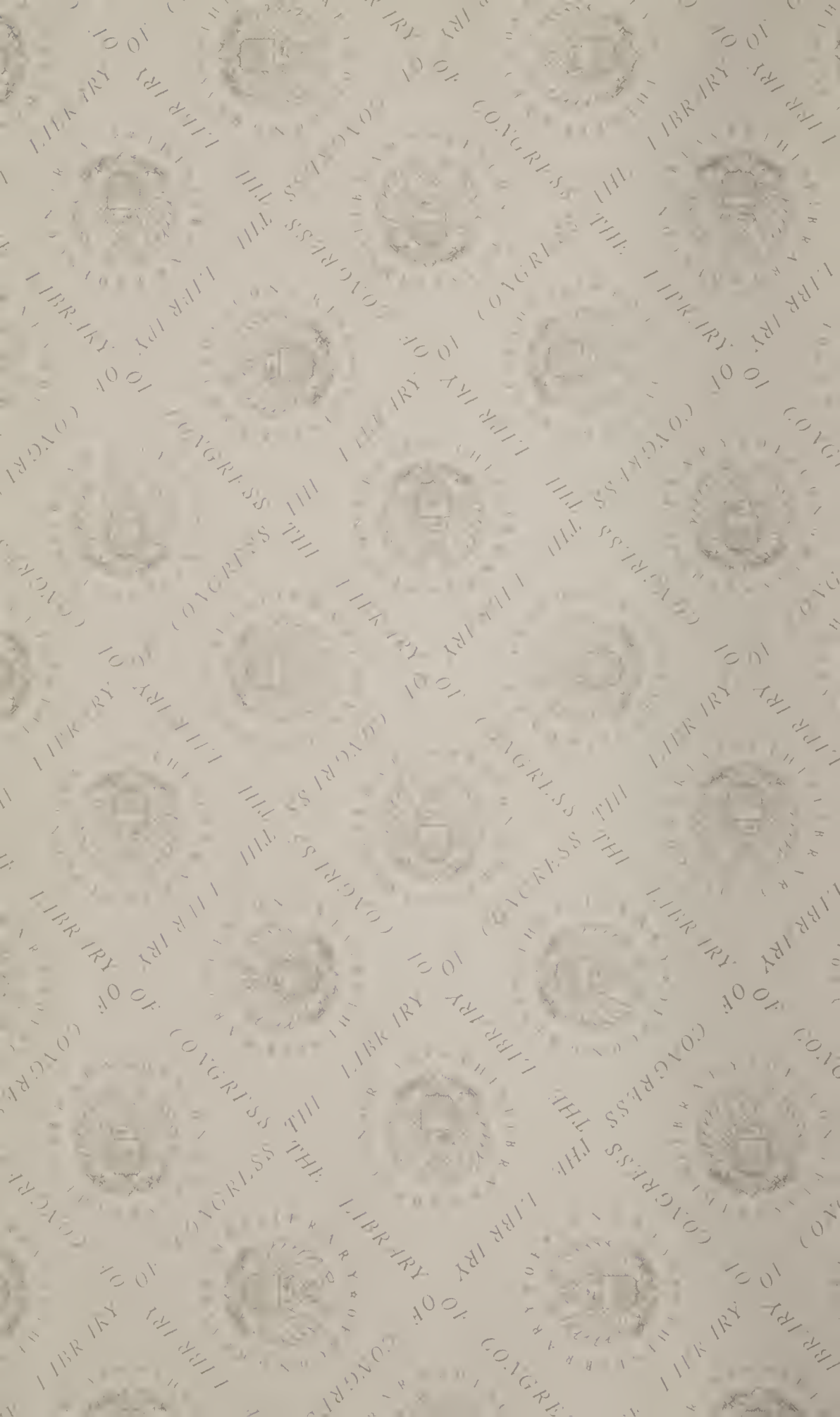
THE author of this highly interesting and instructive volume, who, having himself served for several years in the late Irish Brigade, in the service of the Union, is therefore practically conversant with battles, soldiers, and military tactics and strategy, amongst other things, says in his preface:

“When we consider that, from the surrender of Limerick till the era of the French Revolution, three-quarters of a million of adults of Irish birth served in the armies and navies of Europe alone; that they were to be found fighting under every flag on the Continent, according as their inclination or family ties led them to the choice of a home; that they were, even under the same government, divided into various brigades, regiments, parts of regiments, and independent commands; that their officers, forced from their native soil by persecution and proscriptive laws, were men whose fortunes lay in their swords, and their advancement depended neither on court favor nor social influence, but on their individual capacity and conduct in actual warfare, we can form some estimate of what a mass of facts, dates, episodes, and anecdotes an author would have to collate and examine who aimed at publishing all the gallant deeds performed by Irishmen, even for two or three generations.

“My object was less ambitious, for I desired only to portray a few of these noble actions—to cull, as it were, some flowers from the immortal garlands with which modern history has enwreathed the brow of Irish valor, and, by presenting them in a well-assorted bouquet, to show to the world, in miniature form, what grateful tributes have been offered to the exiled and long-suffering children of the land in which I had the honor of being born.

“While selecting prominent characters, and incidentally touching on the relation of important battles, I have endeavored also to preserve as much as possible a chronological sequence, so that those

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